

~ ~ TWO ~ ~
FIVE FIVE
SMILES

{ FROM
THE REPERTOIRE
OF A RACONTEUR }

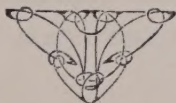
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(Blackpool)

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PREFACE

DURING the last twenty-five years it has been my privilege to entertain others by telling stories. Apparently they have been appreciated and in response to many requests I now present them to you in book form.

I trust that you will derive as much amusement from reading them and telling them to your friends as I have in compiling this book.

Manchester,
September, 1928.

W. B.

TWO FIVE FIVE SMILES

FROM THE REPERTOIRE
OF A RACONTEUR



The Boiler Insurance Inspector was making his periodical call at a small works, and as he walked into the boiler house, he noticed steam was escaping from almost every joint in the boiler. In fact it had every appearance of being on the point of bursting, yet the steam gauge only registered 60lbs. pressure, which was 20lbs. below usual.

The boiler attendant, a very dense-looking fellow, was smoking his pipe.

"I think there's something wrong with the steam gauge, is there not?" asked the Inspector.

"Oh, no Sir!" replied the man. "It's alright, it's been round once."

* * * * *

A fussy gentleman, well past middle age, went into his Club one sharp frosty morning, and throwing out his chest, he clapped his hands and exclaimed to all in general, "By Jove, I'm as fit as a fiddle this morning, none of your 'too old at fifty' for me; I say a man's as old as he feels, and personally I can vouch for my statement that I feel like a two year old."

A young man who was feeling absolutely bored stiff, looked up from his paper and said "What are you talking about, eggs or racehorses?"

In a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a small urchin went into a fishmonger's shop and putting down a purse on the counter, said : " My muvver wants a haddock."

The fishmonger took up the purse, extracted the money, and turning to the little fellow, asked, " A Finnon ? "

" No ! " replied the boy, " a fickun."

* * * * *

The steamer from Fleetwood to Douglas was having a very rough passage, and most of the passengers were seasick.

The steward, walking along one of the decks espied one particularly dejected looking man amongst the many who were craning their necks over the side in the agonies of " mal-de-mer," and feeling compassion for the man he approached him saying, " You've got rather a weak stomach, Sir."

" What are you talking about ? " replied the man, " I'm throwing it as far as any of 'em ! "

* * * * *

A well-known and wealthy city man hailed a taxi at the door of his business premises, and directed the driver to his Club.

When he alighted, he tendered the exact fare plus sixpence as a tip to the driver, who looked at it in a very dissatisfied manner.

Noticing the expression, the city man asked : " What's wrong, are you not satisfied ? "

" Well," replied the driver, " Your son always gives me a shilling for a tip."

"Ah, quite so, quite so," said the city man; "You see my son is fortunate in having a wealthy father."

* * * * *

A little schoolboy forgetfully walked into school one day without removing his cap. His teacher said to him: "Johnnie you have forgotten something, have you not?"

The boy did not seem to understand and stared at the teacher without saying a word in reply.

The teacher, wishing to emphasise the fault, then said: "What is the first thing your father does when he comes home from work, Johnnie?"

Without hesitation the boy replied, "Swears at mi muvver for having t' sink full o' mucky pots when he wants to hev a wash."

* * * * *

An innocent little man visited London for the first time in his life, and as he walked about gazing everywhere, it was obvious to all that he was decidedly from the country.

He was standing in Piccadilly at night looking like a lost sheep, when a smartly dressed young lady went up to him and said: "Hello, dearie, come and take me out to supper."

He blushed, smiled, and pulling himself together said to her, "Do you know, I really would like to take you, but there are three very strong reasons why I shouldn't."

"What are they?" asked she, smiling.

"Firstly, I have very little money," he said, and

she interrupted him, "You needn't mention the other two, Good-night."

* * * * *

A very lazy man, who continually lost jobs as soon as he found them, being late on every occasion, was rolling along the street one night in a very drunken condition.

He was so helpless that two men who were passing, took him into the shed of an undertaker where one of the men worked, and for a joke, they laid him in a new coffin, leaving him there to sleep off his stupor.

He awoke early in the morning in a very dazed condition, and staring aghast at all the empty coffins around, he exclaimed: "I've been late all my life, but I never thought I'd be late for the resurrection!"

* * * * *

A tired looking commercial traveller walked into a prospective customer's shop, presented his card and said: "May I show you my samples?" to which the shopman replied: "No, there is nothing I want, thank you."

However the traveller still went on undoing his samples, so the shopman said: "Look here young man, you needn't waste your time undoing your samples, I've told you there is nothing I want, do you understand?"

"Oh yes, I understand," replied the traveller, "but as a favour, do you mind if I have a look at the samples myself, it is nearly a month since I saw them."

A little boy went into a small village sweet shop and asked for "a pennoth of aniseed balls." The old man behind the counter looked over all the bottles on the shelves, and eventually he saw the aniseed balls on the top shelf.

He went into the kitchen, brought out some portable steps, and after a very laboured operation, succeeded in supplying his small customer. He had just returned the steps to the kitchen, and closed the door, when another boy came into the shop and asked for "a pennoth of aniseed balls," so the whole operation of fetching the steps, etc., had to be gone through again. He had just drawn the penny for this sale, when still another small boy came into the shop. "Now lad," said the shopman, "Do you want a pennoth of aniseed balls?"

"No," replied the boy, so the shopman took away the steps again, after replacing the bottle on the top shelf, and turning to the boy, asked, "Well, what *do* you want?" to which the boy replied: "A haporth."

* * * * *

A marriage was being solemnised at the local church, and the bride who had previously been rather a flirt, was very surprised to see, sitting in the front pew, a former suitor whom she had rejected. He seemed to be taking his defeat very badly.

As the ceremony proceeded and the minister said: "Who giveth this woman away?" the disappointed one said, quite audibly, and in a spiteful tone, "I wont, but I know a man at Blackpool that could if he wanted to."

Four men were seated at a table in a cafe, discussing Insurance, each being a representative of a big Insurance Company. Two other men at another table, came over and joined them, and it was evident that only one of the two who had just arrived was known to the four.

After greeting them, he introduced his friend, saying: "I have just been saying to my friend, that you fellows represent four very big Insurance companies, and I have told him that the names of the companies were fully described in the four following actions:—

No. 1 is represented by a man kissing his wife!

No. 2 by a man kissing his sweetheart!

No. 3 by a man paying a pound for a kiss at a bazaar!

No. 4 by a sailor at sea, dreaming he is kissing, and in his dream, falling from his hammock!"

"Well," said one of the four men, "How on earth do you make that out?"

"Quite simple," said the first speaker: "No. 1 is the Legal and General Insurance Company; No. 2 is the Phoenix (fee nix); No. 3 is the Commercial Union, and No. 4 is the Ocean and Accident!"

* * * * *

A steam motor wagon was travelling along the road in the middle of the night, the driver and the fireman looking nearly asleep, when they heard the policeman's whistle. They pulled up, and a policeman came up to them, saying: "Now then, my lads, where's your rear light?"

"It's behind," said the driver.

The policeman walked to the back of the wagon, and after examining the vehicle he called out: "Come here, there is no lamp, let alone a light."

The driver went to the rear of the wagon, and looked quite dumbfounded, whereupon the policeman said, "Well, where *is* your rear light?"

"Never mind about the lamp," said the driver, "Where's the trailer?"

* * * * *

An elderly lady who was standing at the edge of the pavement in London, closely scrutinised the numbers on the buses as they passed. Suddenly she espied a policeman, and going up to him, she said: "Excuse me, constable, where do I get a number nine?"

The policeman had only been demobilised the previous week, and he absent-mindedly replied: "Report sick in the morning!"

* * * * *

A big brawny but awkward man obtained a job as a blacksmith's striker. The blacksmith was a man with a very violent temper, and when roused, he usually had to resort to some act of violence to appease his wrath.

The two were working together at the anvil, the smith with his hammer and tongs and the striker with the sledge hammer.

The striker was repeatedly careless in not hitting the correct place on the shoe which they were making, and every time he did this, the smith

received a nasty jar through the medium of the tongs, and he, the smith, was losing control of his temper. So when the striker again missed his aim, the smith seized the sledge hammer from the striker's hands and hurled it through the window into the yard. The striker was somewhat astonished, and thinking he was expected to do something also, he seized the heavy anvil and hurled it after the big hammer, a feat of strength which amazed the blacksmith, who asked: "What have you done that for?"

"I thought maybe we were going to work in the yard," replied the striker.

* * * * *

Christian Scientists believe that to have a pain is pure imagination, and that to believe you have not got it, will cause it to disappear. A little boy was crying because his stomach ached after eating green apples.

A Christian Scientist who was passing, and hearing the cause of his tears, said to him: "Oh no you have no pain, just imagine you have none and it will go away."

"I can't," said the little boy, "I've got inside information."

* * * * *

Three boys called to see the grandmother of one of the boys, and the call being totally unexpected, the old lady was just about to have tea, so she invited the boys to join her. She placed on the table, three extra cups and saucers, but no extra

food, to the consternation of the boys. After they were seated, she asked her grandson to say Grace, and his idea of rising to the occasion was by replying as follows:—

“Happy and glorious, three slices for four of us,
Thank God there’s no more of us, God Save the
King.”

* * * * *

An American motorist was touring this country in his high-powered car, and was driving through a village at a very high speed when a policeman blew his whistle and stopped him. “I shall have to report you for furious driving,” said the policeman. “But I was not speeding,” said the motorist. “Didn’t you see the notice DEAD SLOW as you entered the village?” asked the policeman. “I sure did, but I guessed it was just the description of the place,” replied the motorist.

* * * * *

The landlord of a public house had been to the races, and had been unlucky enough to have his pocket picked, thereby losing his wallet which contained about ten pounds in notes. He was telling some of his customers about his unfortunate experience, and when he had finished his story, a noted gambler in the village who was invariably hard up, joined in the discussion, saying: “Yes, it is an awful feeling when you find you’ve had your pocket picked. I know, because I once had mine picked.”

Everybody smiled on hearing this, and one of

the company asked : " Why, what on earth would they expect to find in your pocket ? "

" Well," said the gambler, " they took fifty-three articles, anyway."

" Fifty-three articles," gasped the company.

" Yes, fifty-three articles," said the gambler, " a pack of cards and a corkscrew."

* * * * *

A man in Ireland whose donkey had just died, was relating his bad luck to his friend.

" But, Pat," said his friend, " the donkey was not so very old, why should it die ? "

" Sure now," said Pat, " and how should I know ? I had trained the poor baste to do with less food, and then with a little less still, and sure, would you believe it, oi had got it to do without food entoirely, when it died ! "

* * * * *

A mistress was scolding her new maidservant for the very indifferent manner in which she pronounced words beginning with H.

" One would think you had never been to school," she said ; " didn't your mother tell you to be careful about your H's when you were going into service ? "

" I don't remember, Mam," replied the girl, " but I know she told me to mind my P's and Q's."

* * * * *

A man who had amassed great wealth by profiteering during the war, and whose features were anything but handsome, was having his portrait painted by an eminent painter.

After the first sitting, he said to the artist, in a pompous manner: "I can afford to pay for a good portrait, so I hope you will do me justice."

"It is not justice you want," said the artist, "It's mercy."

* * * * *

A retired business man decided to take up golf as a hobby, and had gone to live in the country near to some good golf links. He had been out on the links all day with a caddie, and at every drive he had taken three or four strokes before he could hit the ball.

As he was approaching the last hole, he said to the caddie: "It has just dawned on me what's wrong with my game. I am too near the ball as I strike."

"No sir, that's not it," said the caddie, "you're too near the ball after you've struck it, that's what's wrong."

* * * * *

A teacher in an elementary school was giving a lecture to her children on obedience. In order to illustrate the point, she told them the story of the lamb which strayed from the fold and was eaten by a wolf.

As she was finishing she said, "Now you see, children, if the lamb had been obedient and had not strayed from the fold, it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it?"

"No teacher," said one bright scholar, "but it would have been eaten by us."

A Territorial regiment stood at attention on the barrack square prior to setting out on ceremonial parade. The Colonel, who was a poor horseman, was seated on his horse, the horse being hired for the occasion from a local jobmaster, and everything looked bright and gay. Suddenly the band struck up a lively tune and the horse upon which the Colonel was seated began to rear and back into the ranks, the Colonel, in order to save himself, clasped his arms around the horse's neck. The sergeant, seeing the danger to his men in the ranks, shouted : "Ease off !" when a voice with a marked Cockney accent said : "No, 'e aint, not yet sergeant, but 'e soon will be if someone don't get hold of the 'osse's head."

* * * * *

A Communist candidate for municipal honours, was addressing a meeting of the electors of the ward which he was contesting. He spent a lot of fiery eloquence in telling the meeting what his opponents had said, and as he waved his arms about, he shouted : "You are the electors of this ward, you honest British working men and comrades all, I say to you, are you going to take all this lying down ? When a voice from the back of the audience shouted "No, the reporters are here to do that."

* * * * *

A woman who had a husband who was ever ready to make an excuse to go out without her in the evening, had the bad luck to receive a delivery of coal which was of very poor quality.

She was blowing up the fire with a pair of bellows, in order to boil some water, when the Vicar called to see her.

The Vicar knew of her husband's failing, and said : " How is your husband these days my good woman ? "

" Well, your reverence," said the woman, " What with him and the fire, I'm kept busy ; if I take my eye off one, the other goes out."

* * * * *

A young lady noted rather for her simplicity than for her worldly knowledge, became engaged to a young man of very similar character. She was discussing her fiancé with a friend, and said : " Do you know, we enjoy each other's confidence, he tells me all he knows and I tell him all I know."

" Dear me ! " said her friend, " I should think you find the silence rather oppressive."

* * * * *

A man in the city, who had only one eye, and possessed a tyrant of a wife, gave way to drink, and was inebriated almost every night in the week. His friends often wondered why he drank so heavily, but he was very secretive as to the cause, until one evening, when in a very merry mood, he lifted his glass and said to them : " Here's to the stuff that makes you feel single and see double."

* * * * *

In some of the working class districts in Yorkshire, the Co-operative movement has a very fixed hold, and many families practice thrift through its

medium, by purchasing everything possible from the Co-operative Stores.

A new baby had arrived in the home of one of these thrifty families, and when the brother and sister were told about it, they were amazed. "Where did you get it?" asked the little girl. "Oh, we bought it from the doctor," said the nurse.

"I'll bet there'll be a row when father comes home, 'cos it hasn't come from t'Co-op." said the little boy.

* * * * *

A man from the city, who had bought an estate in the country, decided to do a little shooting. He set out one morning with his gun, a pocketful of cartridges and some dogs.

In about an hour's time he returned and his wife said "What have you come back so early for, dear? Some more cartridges?"

"No," he said, "some more dogs."

* * * * *

The Tower of London always has plenty of visitors who are "doing London," and the Infantry stationed there come in for a good deal of admiration, being pestered with questions.

One cold wet day an old lady approached a thoroughly fed-up sentry and said: "Excuse me, Mr. Soldier, can you tell me which is the 'Bloody Tower.'"

The sentry, with a sarcastic grin, replied, "All the lot, Missus."

A north country factory hand had the misfortune to marry a woman who made his life a misery by her continual nagging.

One day she was taken ill and despite all efforts she appeared to die, and so convinced was the doctor that he gave a death certificate. Alas, it was only a trance.

However, the funeral proceeded, and as the coffin was being carried into the graveyard on the shoulders of some of her husband's fellow workers, some low lying branches scraped against the coffin.

The noise awakened the supposed corpse from the trance, and muffled noises were heard from the interior.

The lid was opened and the true facts were discovered. The woman lived for many years afterwards to further torment her spouse.

After several years she really died and as the funeral was entering the graveyard, the husband noticed that the coffin was again shoulder high; immediately he rushed up to the bearers and in a pleading voice said: "Carry her low boys, carry her low."

* * * * *

A woman of the "Nouveau riche" class was entertaining to tea some acquaintances with whom she was very desirous of creating a good impression.

Turning to her little four-year-old boy, who had just returned from a party in charge of a very starched nurse, she said, "And what did mother's

little darling do at the party.” To her consternation he replied in a loud voice “I frowned up.”

* * * * *

Anyone who has observed a blacksmith at work is aware that his assistant (known as the striker) uses a heavy sledge hammer, whilst the smith uses an ordinary hand hammer.

A striker was showing his young lady round; she seemed deeply interested and asked all manner of questions; finally she asked, “What kind of wages do they pay here.”

This rather stumped her lover, as he wished to appear very important in her eyes, but he was equal to the occasion, for picking up the smith’s hammer he said: “The man who uses this gets fifty-five shillings,”—then taking hold of his huge hammer he said “THIS is my hammer.”

* * * * *

A well-read man was having some refreshment at a country inn and had got into conversation with the landlord. He was taken aback at the following remark: “You’re a knowing one you are, I’ll bet.”

“What causes you to make that remark?” said the traveller.

“Well, I reckon I knows a clever man when I sees one, and don’t be offended, but I just want you to tell me the difference between ‘Tact’ and ‘Not tact.’ You see we had an argument last night and no one could explain the difference.”

“Well,” said the traveller, “that’s easy. If you were waiting to enter Heaven and asked Peter if

he had heard the "cock" crow—that would not be tact. But if you were a plumber, on opening the bathroom door you discovered a lady in the bath and said 'Oh, I beg your pardon SIR' and withdrew, that would be tact."

* * * * *

A Lancashire millhand, who was on his annual week's holiday with his family, met some jovial friends and got hopelessly drunk the first night. Rolling along the promenade he was accosted by a policeman and got violent, with the result that he was locked up.

Next morning he appeared before the Bench, who passed sentence of fourteen days hard labour.

With a grin he said, "You can't do it, I've only come for a week."

* * * * *

Two men with sallow complexions and hooked noses, who usually talked in millions and thought in "Yiddish," were bewailing the state of trade.

"Vell, said one, "I vill have to do zomethings and I don't know vot. I have had a vire and burglary."

"Vell," said the other, "Vy not have a flood?"

"How do you start vone of those?" said the other.

* * * * *

At a large northern railway station one of the porters had a bad impediment in his speech.

One day an old lady, holding a little boy by the hand, went up to him and said "What time does the next train go for Chester?"

“Quafer paft free,” replied the porter.

The old lady thanked him and moved away, dragging the boy, who was obviously reluctant to leave. After several minutes’ argument they returned and again the old lady asked about her train to which the porter replied, “Quafer paft free, that’s twife I’ve telled yer.”

In ten minutes they again returned, and the old lady said, “Don’t be cross, Mr. Porter, but do you mind telling me again what time my train goes?”

“Quafer paft free, can’t you tell whaf I fay?”

“Hi, lad,” said the old lady, “I can tell what tha says reet enough, but it’s this little lad as likes to heer thi talk.”

* * * * *

The Church Lads Brigade were in camp for their annual training and young Bloggs was on sentry duty.

When the visiting officer went his rounds he found Bloggs asleep at his post. After prodding him with his stick to wake him, the officer (a local Sunday School teacher), assuming a very serious attitude, said :

“Do you know that in actual warfare you would be shot?—er—but—as we are not really at war—er—you will be fined twopence.”

* * * * *

Two jews were playing golf, and as the game progressed it was very evident that neither was above taking any little advantage he could possibly get without the other’s knowledge.

When they reached the ninth hole one said to the other, "How many did you do that one in?"

"Here, hold on," said the other, "it's my turn to ask."

* * * * *

A Scotchman and a Jew were having a very heated argument as to the merits of their respective races, and as to which had produced most prominent men.

Both being bearded they decided to emphasise their argument by pulling out a whisker for each name.

The Jew said "Christ," and pulled out a hair from the other's beard.

"Bruce," said the Scot pulling a hair from the Jew's beard.

"Abraham," "Burns," etc., went on the argument.

"Twelve Apostles," said the Jew plucking twelve hairs from the Scot's beard and bringing tears to his eyes, whereupon the Scot seizing the Jew's beard with both hands pulled his hardest and exclaimed "Hi mon, the Gordon Highlanders."

* * * * *

A north-countryman of a very excitable disposition had reached middle life without giving any thought to religion.

One day he was persuaded to attend some revival services and was properly carried away with enthusiasm and could talk of nothing save the Bible for days after.

Coming home from work, one day, he saw a Jew of a very pronounced type, and going up to him in a very arrogant way said, "Are you one of the race who crucified Jesus Christ?"

"Ah yes, my friend, but that was nearly two thousand years ago."

"Well," said the man, "take that"—hitting him hard on the nose—"I've only just heard of it."

* * * * *

A male chimpanzee had deserted his mate and had had an "affaire" with a female giraffe for a few days.

One evening he returned to his orthodox partner in a very crestfallen, tired and miserable manner.

"Hello," said the deserted one, "so you've thought fit to return, have you? I suppose you think there's no love like the old love after all. Eh?"

"Oh don't flatter yourself so much, it's not altogether that," said the weary one, "but—what with having to climb up it's neck to kiss it, and then climb down again to cuddle it, I'm fairly jiggered and have had to give it up."

* * * * *

Owing to non-attendance at church a labourer had been taken to task by the parson and had, as a result, been studying religion in every spare moment to, in some way, atone for his neglect.

He was working on the topmost storey of a skyscraper and one day fell off.

As he fell, he rattled off all the short prayers he could remember, until he noticed he was passing the ground floor when he exclaimed "Now for a H— of a bump."

* * * * *

Working class housewives in the North are very enthusiastic about the Co-operative movement and purchase everything they can from "The Stores." When one considers that the dividends paid on their purchases represent a tidy sum this is not to be wondered at. Many families rely on their bonus for their annual holiday.

A woman asked the manager of one store what was the price of a ham shank. He, taking it up and finding it was nearly all bone, said, "I won't charge you for this, Mrs. Smith."

"Nay, I shall not," replied Mrs. Smith, "I shall pay for it. I am not going to be done out of my bonus."

* * * * *

A prominent freemason, driving home one night in his car, from lodge, saw in the road a man laid down. Wondering what was wrong, he stopped and got out to see. Finding the man was asleep and evidently inebriated from the smell, he woke him up and asked him what he was doing there.

"I'm just—hic—coming fromt' lodge and—hic—I'm going home."

Hearing him mention the lodge the mason asked him his address, and took him home in his car.

Just as he was leaving him at the gate he said to the drunken man, "What lodge have you been to?" Imagine his astonishment when the man replied "——'s Wine Lodge."

* * * * *

A local Council had engaged a female "District Health Visitor," a very young, though fully qualified, nurse.

Some of the mothers, whom she visited, openly resented advice from one so young, quite overlooking the fact that her qualifications merited the position.

One buxom matron was particularly scornful and was talking to her neighbour on the subject.

"Just fancy," she said, "the likes of her, who's never been wed, coming to tell me how to look after childer, and me who's buried five."

* * * * *

An old Professor was lecturing to a body of laymen on the prophets of the Bible. His discourse was so long and dry that he bored his audience to death, in fact some who were sitting in the back seats, were asleep. In his lecture he had placed most of the well-known prophets in numerical order according to their importance, and he had reached Jeremiah.

"Now," said he, with a fresh burst of enthusiasm, "where can we find a place for Jeremiah?" Whereupon one of his audience in the back seat, stretched his arms, yawned, and standing up said in a sleepy voice, "Jeremiah can have my place, I'm going home!"

A lady and gentleman were touring in a small car, and whilst in the middle of a long country road, one of the tyres punctured, causing them to stop on the roadside, for repairs. Near by was a little cottage, apparently the only habitation for a few miles, and whilst changing the tyres, a market cart approached, containing an old man, who was driving the horse, three old women, and a quantity of empty baskets. As they came past the cottage a man came running from the garden, and called to the driver, "Hi, George, where be you going with your load this morning?" George looked round and replied: "I'm going to Burnham" (pronouncing it Burnem). "Well," said the man, "You might take my old girl as well, and save me the trouble," with which remark he helped up his wife who had come out meanwhile. The lady motorist, who had been a silent witness to all that had happened, seemed terribly agitated, turned to her husband and said: "Oh! the horrible man, do you really think he means it, John?"

* * * * *

The Official Receiver was giving the bankrupt a really searching public examination, the latter having inadvertently admitted that he had squandered some of his money on "women."

The much harassed man was wondering what question would be fired at him next: "Ah yes," said the official receiver, "Fast women! you should keep away from what is 'fast' and make yourself acquainted with objects of a slower order."

“ Well, I don’t know about that,” said the bankrupt, “ what I haven’t thrown away on fast women as you call ’em, I’ve lost on slow horses ! ”

* * * * *

There had been an accident at the brickworks, and a man had been very badly, though not fatally crushed. It was decided to send him home, but as he was in a helpless condition it was thought that someone ought to hurry along and break the news to his wife. Many ways were suggested in order to break the news gently, when one labourer said to his master, “ Let’s send this here lad, Mister, he stutters ! ”

* * * * *

A retired millhand had taken a public house in the city, and two of his former workmates went to see him. They were surprised to see the bar with its variety of bottles containing fancy drinks, a lot of which they had never heard of before. “ What’s that ? ” asked one, pointing to a bottle of Benedictine. “ Oh, that’s what is called a liqueur,” said the landlord : “ it is sixpence a glass which holds about a thimble full.”

“ What does it do for that price ? ” asked the other.

“ They tell me it makes them feel like millionaires,” said the landlord.

“ We’ve backed a winner to-day, so I’m going to have two bob’s worth at once ; I want something to drink when I have one,” said one of the men. The landlord put the required amount in a glass,

and the man drank it off. It nearly took away his breath, and his friend said to him : " Well, what do you feel like ? " The man wiped his eyes, gasped and said ; " I'm going to buy the Midland Hotel."

" Do you feel like that ? " asked his friend, " I'll have some then," and the landlord supplied him and it had much the same result. " Well, what do you feel like ? " asked the first man. " Feel like," said his friend, " Oh, I shall not sell it to you."

* * * * *

A middle aged woman was making application to a bench of magistrates, and they found it necessary to put a few very searching questions to her. Not being satisfied with one of her answers to a question, the presiding magistrate looked at her and asked : " My good woman can you swear ? " to which she replied : " Oh, for heaven's sake don't start me, sir."

* * * * *

A man of very diminutive stature, once bought a grandfather clock at an auction sale. Not being able to find a conveyance to take his purchase home, he started to carry it himself.

The weather was rather stormy, and the clock, owing to its length, caught a good deal of breeze. It was whirled first one way and then the other, as the little man struggled homewards with it. He was just turning the corner of a street, when a man coming the opposite direction, bumped into him and knocked him down, the clock falling uppermost

The man turned round, took a good look at both the little man and the clock, which was on top of him, and said in a tone of disgust, "Why don't you wear a wrist watch," and then walked on.

* * * * *

A mistress was looking from a first floor window which overlooked a very busy corner of a thoroughfare. She had been watching for ten minutes when calling the maid, she said: "Mary, you see that dejected-looking man standing by the lamp-post at the corner?" "Yes, Mam," said Mary, "Well, I feel very sorry for him," said the mistress, "I'm sure he is begging, I have seen two or three people give him coins. Give him this shilling and say to him 'Nil desperandum,' it means never despair."

The maid did exactly as she had been instructed. Next day, as she was passing the corner, the man tapped her on the shoulder, gave her twenty-one shillings saying: "Here you are miss, you aren't half lucky, you're the only one as backed it and it won at twenty to one!"

* * * * *

A millhand who was simple minded, staggered his workmates one morning by saying he had purchased a piano on the hire system. He was greeted with a perfect fusilade of chaff.

"You'll never be able to keep up the payments," said one, and "You'll never learn to play it," said another. One evening about a week later, one of

the men met him struggling along the street with the piano on a handcart, so he called out :

“Hello, taking it back, are you? Didn’t I tell you you’d never keep up with the payments?”

“I’m not taking it back,” said the man, “I’m going for my first music lesson.”

* * * * *

Three men usually travelled home together on the same train, and two of the three considered themselves very smart, often cracking jokes at the other man’s expense, much to the amusement of the other travellers in the compartment.

One evening, the humble one of the three, was the last to arrive, just as the train was starting. He had a covered basket, which he carefully placed on the rack overhead.

Before the train had gone very far, one of the smart men, noticed that liquid was dripping from the basket, and immediately drew the other’s attention to it, saying :

“Hello, so that’s how you take home your whisky, you sly dog, afraid we’d want some, eh?” He put his finger under the dripping liquid and said : “What is it, Scotch?” “No, Irish,” said his friend, doing likewise.

“You are both wrong,” said the quiet one, “It’s a Yorkshire terrier.”

* * * * *

The vicar of the parish being on holiday, a clergyman from a neighbouring parish had promised to conduct the morning service, and a jobmaster

in the district offered to fetch the clergyman in his gig, the offer being gratefully received and accepted.

The jobmaster drove a very spirited pony, duly collected the clergyman and was going along at a nice pace, towards the church, when the horse took fright at something, and bolted.

Try as he would, the driver could not check the horse, and the gig rolled from side to side, threatening to overturn at any moment. The clergyman was holding tightly to the seat almost scared to death, saying : " Oh, my God, I'd give five pounds to be out of this vehicle." The driver gave him a withering look and said : " Don't be so ready with your money, you'll be out for nowt when we get to the next corner."

* * * * *

A Lancashire tackler was the youngest of seven brothers, and as his mother had always made him wear his brothers' cast-off clothing, he had seldom had anything new to wear.

Eventually he got married and had the opportunity at last of purchasing new things. He needed a pair of working boots rather badly, so he and his wife went to the nearest town for them. They saw a pair marked " eight and eleven," and he went into the shop to try them : they happened to fit so he decided to wear them and leave his old ones to be repaired. So he came out of the shop with short halting steps, and his wife, thinking he did not seem comfortable in them, said : " Do they hurt thi ? " " Noa," said he, " But

they seem to catch in summat every time I tak a stride, and nearly tippie me over."

His wife looked again at his feet, and happened to glance behind his heels, whereupon she roared with laughter and said: "Eh tha' art a fooil, tha's never cut th' string."

* * * * *

A building contractor had a vacancy for a carter, and inserted an advertisement in the local paper. He was very surprised when he went to his works the next morning, to see a very little fellow, who informed him he had come to apply for the job.

"You're only a little fellow," said the contractor.

"That may be," said the applicant, "But good stuff often lies in little room."

"That's all right so far as it goes," said the contractor, "but you're so small that I fear my horse will kick you clean over."

"Oh, will it?" said the little man, "It'll have to get into the cart first, won't it?"

* * * * *

Two men, one a Scotchman and one a Jew, went into a public house to partake of liquid refreshment. They sat at a small table, and each heaved a sigh when the waiter came along. The latter, after standing behind them for some time, awaiting their order, said "Excuse me, gentlemen, this is not Armistice Day, why the two minutes' silence?"

The Jew immediately fainted, and the Scotchman carried him out. Later on in the day, they were

both locked up for being drunk and incapable, and when the magistrate read the charge sheet, noticing the nationality of the culprits, and the nature of the charge, he asked: "Where is the other fellow?"

* * * * *

A man who lived in Aberdeen, telephoned his doctor one evening, and in an excited voice said: "Doctor, I want you to tell me what to do with my child who has swallowed a sixpence?"

"How old is it?" asked the doctor, referring to the child.

"1914," said the Aberdonian.

* * * * *

A motor charabanc, which was on a day's outing got out of control going down a very steep hill, and in spite of the efforts of the driver, the brakes refused to act. Half way down the hill, the road turned, and owing to the speed at which the runaway was going, the driver could not negotiate the turning safely, with the result that there was a crash and the charabanc hit the wall, and turned completely over.

The passengers were scattered all over the road, some unconscious, others groaning with broken limbs, etc., only two or three had escaped with a shaking. A Jew who happened to be passing just after the accident, asked one of the shaken passengers, "How did it happen?" On being told, he immediately enquired: "Have the

police or the insurance people been yet?" "No," replied the passenger. "Very good," said the Jew, "then can I lie down with the rest."

* * * * *

Some of the visitors who go to Blackpool spend quite a lot of time fishing from the jetty on the North Pier. A man of middle age, who had some very elaborate fishing tackle, had been angling for three hours, and had not been rewarded by so much as a bite, when a very small boy came along with a line and rod, roughly improvised from a reel of cotton, a piece of wood from a box, and a bent pin. He took up his stand near to the other angler, and in a very businesslike manner, threw in his line: in a very few minutes, however, he pulled out a fish, of the plaice variety. The man who had been angling all morning without a catch, looked at the fish, and muttered something in a very disgusted tone.

Very soon afterwards, a lady who was walking along the jetty, noticed the boy and his catch, and said to him, "My word, my little man, that's a very fine fish you've caught, what kind of a fish is it?"

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the boy, "but that man over there" (pointing to the angler) "says it's the b——y limit."

* * * * *

A Scotchman named McTavish, who lived in the agricultural part of Scotland, and who rented a small farm, commenced to breed pigs as a hobby,

and in due course advertised a litter of pigs for sale. A man from some distance away, seeing the advertisement and wishing to purchase some pigs, went to the address given in the advertisement and arrived at the house about noon. He knocked at the door and was greeted by a rather hefty woman who stood glaring at him in an aggressive manner with her sleeves rolled up and her arms akimbo.

"Is this the house of McTavish?" asked the man.

"Aye it is mon," said the woman.

"Wal noo, I've called to see the swine," said the man.

"It canna be done," said the woman, "He'll no be home till one o'clock."

* * * * *

A father and son were having supper in a little cottage in the country, and were discussing the events of the day. Their conversation was continually being interrupted by the howling of a cat in the garden. It became such a nuisance that the son went outside to settle the noise once and for all.

He had not been gone long when a fearful screech rent the air and it was evident he had found his victim. In a few more minutes, he came in and said to his father: "Yond cat'l never come in the garden again to annoy us. I've chopped off his tail."

"Ah lad," said his father, "many a cat without a tail will come back again."

"Well, this won't," said the lad, "'Cos I've chopped it off right up to its head."

* * * * *

The suffragettes were having their monthly meeting and some, it was very evident, were real warriors of the order, and by appearances had recently been defying the minions of the law, black eyes and sticking plaster, etc., being prominent.

Nothing seemed to damp their ardour, and it was bedlam prior to the meeting starting.

Suddenly a lantern-jawed woman stood up on the platform, and tapping for silence, asked in a loud voice, "Are we all mustered?" to which they all answered "Yes," and the caretaker, the only man present—who was seated in a corner—murmured "Not 'arf."

* * * * *

Two men seated in the hotel smoke-room had for most of the evening been trying to ask the other a question which would puzzle the other to answer.

As time was getting on and both were enjoying this passage of wit, one said: "Now we'll just have one finale for two drinks; each shall ask the other one question and the questioner must be able to answer his own question, otherwise it is not a valid one."

"Right," said the other, "I'll commence. How is it that when a rabbit digs a burrow in the earth, it leaves no soil on the surface?"

The other fellow was clearly puzzled and after thinking a while unsuccessfully said: "I'll have to give it up."

"Because it starts at the bottom," said the first, "and works uphill."

"But how does it get to the bottom to start?"

"I don't know," said the first, "that's your question, you must answer it."

* * * * *

A schoolmistress in an elementary school in Yorkshire, where the broad Yorkshire dialect is spoken by almost everyone, experienced great difficulty in getting her pupils to eliminate words not in the dictionary.

She had just reprimanded her class for using the dialect word "putten" instead of "put" and after a long explanation told the children to write a sentence containing the word "put" twice.

The class were struggling with the task, when one little boy, who had evidently overlooked another, said: "Please, teacher, Johnny Briggs has put putten where he ought to 'a putten put."

* * * * *

A foreman carpenter had left a new man working the circular saw for a few minutes. When he returned he was amazed to see the man holding his hand, minus a finger, and staring at it in a dazed way.

"Didn't I tell you to be careful?" said the foreman, "whatever were you doing?"

"I don't know," said the man, picking up a piece of wood, and putting it in the saw, "I was just going like this when—damnit—there goes another," and sure enough another finger had gone.

The farmer had married a woman very much his senior, who turned out to have a very disagreeable disposition, making his life a misery, yet so domineering was she that he was really afraid of her, especially when in her tantrums, a condition which he strenuously tried to avoid.

When they did come on he used to go into the meadows and speak his thoughts aloud to an old nanny-goat called Bridget. He would say: "Ah, Bridget, I wish I had a means of getting without her; if it wasn't for the law, I'd kill her and marry a young 'un," and similar sentiments.

One day a gentleman, walking in the district, who was a good ventriloquist, called at the farm, and becoming interested in the farmer, in order to have a joke said: "Do any of your animals ever talk to you?"

"I don't understand you," replied the farmer.

"Oh, they can all talk," said the gentleman, "if you only know how to talk to them."

"Well," said the farmer, "let's see you do it," so they went to the cowshed.

"Now let's see you make old Polly talk," said the farmer, pointing to a cow in the corner.

"Polly, how are you getting along?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, just fair," said a voice, apparently from Polly, "'only they expect us to give twice as much milk as we do.'"

The farmer and his wife were amazed and they proceeded to the piggeries where a similar scene took place.

They then went into the meadow, and as Bridget came running to them the farmer said in an excited manner : “ Here now, if you are going to make this goat talk, don’t believe a word it says.”

* * * * *

Jones was a real bad lot and his wife and mother-in-law had been lecturing him severely about his many and all too frequent misdeeds. They had firmly convinced him that Hell was the only place for him in the next life, and this, combined with a heavy supper, so preyed on his mind that, during his sleep, he dreamt he was at the gates of Hell seeking admission, and that even here, so bad was his reputation, his right of entry was being challenged.

Much to his relief he woke up just as his Satanic Majesty was saying : “ Jones, you are too bad for us. Take this brimstone and start a little Hell of your own.”

* * * * *

A brilliant young business man, with a thorough knowledge of economics, one evening, whilst helping a friend in an election campaign, found himself on a public platform, surrounded by a host of workmen whose chief grievance seemed to be that his friend (a big employer of labour in the district) had ordered some special new machinery, which would, to their mind, cause unemployment, whereas really it would increase output.

The men further considered that anyone doing this could be no friend of the working man.

"Then," said our friend, "am I to take it that you would object to shovels being made larger, even if the material to be moved was light, because the cart would be filled sooner?"

"That is so," they replied.

"Well, then," said the young man, "why not push your ideas forward properly, and insist on the material being thrown with teaspoons and let everybody help."

* * * * *

Two niggers, Rastus and Sambo, had not seen each other for many years, when they met in a New York street.

Sambo had only just come from the South and was, in every sense, a "Greenhorn."

Rastus worked for the telephone company and found it very difficult to explain how the telephone worked, to a man of Sambo's intelligence.

"You press a button here," said Rastus, "and a bell rings a mile away, and then you speak."

"Can't see it, can't see it at all," said Sambo. "How can you press a button here and make a bell ring a mile away?"

"Wal," said Rastus, "supposing you had a real long dog, so long that, when its head was in Chicago, its tail was in New York."

"Yes," said Sambo, "some dog."

"Wal," said Rastus, "you tread on the dog's tail in New York, and it barks in Chicago."

"Yah," said Sambo, "got yer now," and after a moment's thought, "Where do you turn the dog round when he has to bark in New York?"

* * * * *

A lady was riding on top of an open tramcar, with a little pomeranian on her knees. By the loving looks she kept giving it, the dog held a big place in her affection.

On the seat immediately in front sat a gentleman of the pronounced city type, smoking a very good cigar. As he blew out the smoke most of it went over his shoulder into the lady's face. This annoyed her and she was vehement in her protests.

As the man seemed to take no notice she leaned forward and, reaching out her hand, seized the cigar and threw it into the street.

The man was frightfully indignant, and immediately grabbed her dog and hurled it after the cigar, to the lady's consternation.

She immediately jumped off the car and ran back to where the dog was.

When she reached it she almost wept for joy to find it was not hurt in any way, for there it was, sitting on its haunches, and, dear reader—what do you think it had in its mouth?"

"The cigar." "No, that's what they all say—its tongue."

* * * * *

A man of pronounced Hebrew origin was seated in the hotel lounge and, although there seemed to

be plenty of people about whom he knew, it appeared that he was waiting for someone.

Presently he called a passing page and asked him to enquire if there was a telegram for Cohen. The boy did so and reported: "No telegram for Cohen, sir."

This reply seemed to make him more fidgety than ever.

After about twenty minutes' wait he was very much relieved when a page called out "Cohen."

Jumping up, he seized the telegram which the page was carrying, and holding it unopened in one hand, whilst he felt for a tip with the other he exclaimed excitedly: "My God, my place is on fire."

* * * * *

A plain clothes policeman was on duty in one of the public parks and was sauntering along a quiet sidewalk when a very small man came running up excitedly and said: "Oh, sir, can you get help, I've been robbed."

"Just been robbed," said Robert in amazement.

"Yes, I'm not jesting, I'm serious."

"This beats all," said Robert, "robbed in broad daylight and in a public park. How much were you robbed of? Who are the perpetrators of this outrage?"

"I know it seems absurd, but it's true. I had twenty pounds on me, ten in one pocket and ten in another. A big fellow suddenly got hold of

me, took ten pounds from my hip pocket and ran off, all I could do was to shout for help, evidently none heard me."

"How loud did you shout?" said Robert. The little man gave a demonstration of his loudest shout—a very feeble noise.

"Is that the loudest noise you can make?" said Robert.

"It is," said the little man.

"Then hand over the other ten pounds, or I'll pound you into a jelly."

* * * * *

The communist element had been having a real whip up of their supporters and were holding meetings and processions at every conceivable time and place. A procession had terminated in a mass meeting, at which a very eloquent speaker was stressing the many benefits his hearers would derive from the adoption of a general "share all policy."

A man, at the back of the crowd, who held a very large banner on a pole, looked properly jaded from the amount of exertion he had had to put into his job carrying the banner at the head of the procession. Turning to a man near him he said: "I like what that fellow says, it sounds alright, but tell me, as I'm only a beginner, how much each should we get if all the money were shared out?"

"I think it runs out at between five and six pounds each," said the other man.

“Oh, does it,” said the tired one, “then take hold of this banner, I’m off, I’ve got eight pounds in’t Co-op.”

* * * * *

A very smart young soldier was being “put through the mill” in the orderly room by a very autocratic officer.

The offence was a trifling one and Tommy felt that, if he was allowed he could give a very satisfactory explanation.

The officer, however, would have no explanation and kept firing questions, always adding : “Answer me, ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’”

“It’s impossible, sir,” said Tommy, “to answer every question with a plain ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’”

“Ridiculous,” said the officer, “ask me a question that I cannot answer with ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’”

Quick as lightning Tommy said : ‘Have you ceased to beat your wife, sir?’”

* * * * *

A layman was preaching in the public square one Sunday, and was loudly proclaiming his sorrow and disgust at the apathy exhibited by the people in general as to the welfare of their after-life.

“What would you do if the end of the world came suddenly to-morrow? What would you do if there was a compulsory day of confession? I say to you of little faith, that Hell would be your portion.”

Noticing just then that several men, who had just left an adjoining public house, had momentarily paused, he raised his voice and said pointedly : "Did you hear what I said, my friends ?" Whereupon one of the men replied in an equally loud voice : "Now look here, mister, its no use you tearing your hair on account of the likes of us, 'cos if there were a day of confession to-morrow, there wouldn't be room in Hell for us, 'cos of the crowd of 'honest' folk."

* * * * *

Johnny was a real lazy-bones and his mother did not know what to do to get him out of bed in the mornings. If she went to him in a temper he was so plausible that he would win her over with a few well-chosen words.

One morning she had been trying for a full hour to get him down to breakfast when the vicar called, and hearing the mother calling, enquired the reason. The mother explained her difficulty.

"If he's so plausible," said the vicar, "fire a little proverb at him such as : 'It's the early bird that catches the worm,' or 'early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'"

The mother went to the bottom of the stairs and shouted : "John, dear, do get up, don't you know its the early bird that catches the worm."

"That's alright, mother," replied John, "but don't you see its the early worm that gets caught."

* * * * *

A middle-aged couple, who lived in the country,

had brought up their only son, now twenty-three, in much the same way as they themselves lived.

He, however, having worked in a neighbouring town for a few years, had advanced in knowledge far beyond his fond parents' imagination, yet being a dutiful son, he allowed them to know nothing of it and always appeared to them the simple child of his boyhood.

He was about to be married and his parents were discussing the great event.

"We shall have to tell him or he will look too simple for words," said his father.

"I don't like to tell him," replied his mother.

"You must," said his father. "I could not look him in the face and admit such deception."

"Very well," said mother, "I suppose I'll have to do it."

That evening his mother took him into the parlour and said: "John, you're going to be married, but before you leave us there's something I must tell you."

"What is it?" said the son, wondering what on earth he was going to hear.

"It's not Father Christmas who puts things in your stocking when you hang it up; it's your father and me."

* * * * *

A Lancashire millhand was walking towards the village public house when he saw a workmate across the street and shouted to him: "Hi, mate, where are you going?"

"My wife wants me to get her a swede as big as my head," said Jack, "so I'm going to the green-grocer's to get one."

"Oh, don't go to that trouble," said the first, "just go to my allotment, get one and come and have a drink with me."

The allotment owner went in and had a drink. After waiting some time and finding his mate had not appeared he asked a man, who had just come in, if he had seen him.

"I should just think I have," he said; "he must be going daft. He's pulled up all the swedes in your allotment and he's trying his hat on each in turn to find one that will fit."

* * * * *

Jones, despite the fact that he was never out of work, spent his money too freely during his leisure hours, with the result that his family was often on the verge of penury.

The parson had thought fit to tackle Jones on the matter and one day saw Jones coming out of the public-house.

Next day he met Jones and said: "I saw you coming out of the public-house yesterday, Jones."

"Yes, sir," said Jones, "we have to come out sometimes."

* * * * *

The public bar of a provincial "beer house" was so arranged that customers in one part of the house could not reach the other part except by going into the street and entering by the other door.

A man came into the bar and ordered a pint of beer from the landlord, a very stout man. Having received his beer he drank it straight off and ordered another; the landlord filled the pot again and remarked: "That will be a shilling for the two pints."

"Oh, that's alright," said the man drinking off the second pint, and made a rush for the door.

The landlord, being too stout to get over the counter, went through the other door to stop him, but when he reached the street the culprit was running along at a good pace.

He set off after him and seeing a policeman on point duty, yelled: "Hi, stop him."

The policeman attempted to do so, but the man said something to him and was allowed to run on.

When the landlord reached the policeman, all out of breath, he asked for an explanation as to why he hadn't stopped him.

"Why, he told me you were running a race for a quart of beer and were trying to get me to help you to win."

"Yes," said the landlord, "and it was quite true."

* * * * *

A number of young business men were in the habit of meeting in the smoke-room of the village "pub." Very often, funny stories were the order.

An old sea captain was present one day, and during a lull, one of the company asked him for a story.

"Well," he said, "we were on a south sea cruise and had become becalmed. I was sitting on deck cutting a piece of wood when suddenly there was a puff of wind; the ship gave a lurch and suddenly sent me sprawling. In saving myself I let go of my knife and it fell into the sea."

"The water was so clear I could see the knife at the bottom, so stripping off all my clothing I dived in. I was within a yard of the knife when a shadow passed over me. Looking up I saw a huge shark, with gaping jaws, making a rush at me. I put my hand in my pocket, seized a large clasp knife——"

"Here—hold on a bit," said one of the listeners. "You just told us you stripped off your clothing."

"Oh, did I, young man —— It's not a story you want, it's an argument."

* * * * *

A very arrogant man, who was for ever boasting about his prowess as a boxer, was walking one night with a friend when they both stopped suddenly on hearing a terrific row going on inside a house they were then passing.

It sounded as if a dozen people were trying to murder each other, sounds were heard of blows, screams and cries for help.

The boaster turned to his friend and could see he was expected to put his boasts into practice, so he said to him :

"I'll settle this lot. You just stand here and count them as I throw them out," and with this he rushed into the house.

The door was immediately closed behind him and the hullabaloo became worse than ever. Suddenly there was a sound of broken glass and spintering wood, and the whole window gave way, as a body came hurtling through.

"One," shouted the fellow waiting outside.

"Give up counting, it's me," said the weak voice, as the braggart got up and ambled away with a nasty limp.

* * * * *

About the time the tax was put on whiskey a man went into a public-house and ordered a small whiskey. The landlord measured out the whiskey, placed it on the counter, saying: "Eightpence, please."

"What? Eightpence? Why, I never paid more than threepence."

"Maybe, but it's the new tax," said the landlord.

"Well, I'm not going to pay that price, bring me a bottle of beer."

The landlord did so and the man drank it off, and was going out when the landlord said: "You haven't paid for it, sir."

"No, I gave you the whiskey for it."

"But you didn't pay for the whiskey."

"Well, I didn't drink it, did I?" replied the man.

The landlord smiled and said: "Yes, it's very smart. I don't mind standing it, and I wouldn't mind standing you another, if you'll just go over the street and do the same on the landlord at the

other house. He's for ever getting at me, and I'd just like to even things up a bit."

"Well, sir," said the man, "you're a sport. I'd like to oblige you—but, you see, I've been there and done it and he stood me one to come over here and do it on you. Good-morning."

* * * * *

A Scotchman was being married, and, with the best man, was awaiting the arrival of the bride. The organist was playing a voluntary and the church was fairly full of spectators. It was very noticeable that Jock was very nervous and ill at ease.

Soon, however, he began to go pale, and the best man said to him: "What's the matter, Jock, have you lost the ring?"

"No, but I've lost ma enthusiasm."

* * * * *

Twin brothers named Brown, who are exactly alike, lived in a small provincial town. One was a market gardener and the other a greengrocer. The market gardener had just lost his wife, and the greengrocer had the misfortune to lose his mare.

The vicar's wife met the one who had lost his mare, and thinking she was conversing with the market gardener, she said:

"I'm so sorry to hear about your loss, Brown."

"Well, she wasn't so much of a loss after all," said Brown; "you see, ma'am, I couldn't afford to keep two, and I've wanted to be rid of her for some time, so that I could have a young one;

she's been going at the knees for a long time now ; and her joints were stiff, besides she was never tired of eating. I tried to exchange her with the coal man for his ; you know he has a young one, a bit thinner in the leg than mine was and I offered to give him ten pounds as well, but as we were talking, she tried to kick him and so he wouldn't have anything to do with her, so you see I haven't very much to be sorry for."

"You are the worst man I have ever spoken to," said the vicar's wife, "I never wish to speak to you again."

* * * * *

Two sailors on shore leave on one of the islands in the tropics, had arranged to sleep the night in the bungalow of a trader. They went to bed at night, forgetting to close the mosquito net over the window. It was getting dark and they had not been able to sleep for the mosquitoes, flies, etc., so after a considerable time, they decided to get under the bed and draw the sheets around it to keep out the insects while they slept. They both lay down, and when it was dark, they heard a loud humming in the room, so one of the sailors drew aside the sheets and peeped out into the room to see what was happening. The room had become full of fireflies, and when the sailor saw them, he said to his companion : "Be quiet ; the little devils are looking for us with lanterns."

* * * * *

A man from Aberdeen and his wife were in apartments in London. The lady had not been in

good health for some time, and one morning the Aberdonian awoke to find his wife had died in the night. He got up, dressed and went downstairs, and said to the landlady : " Only boil one egg this morning."

* * * * *

A Scotchman on a visit to London, was buying an evening paper, and accidentally dropped a half-crown. The coin rolled into the road, the Scotchman made a dive after it, was run over and killed, by a passing motor bus.

At the inquest, next day, the coroner, on hearing all the details of the accident, and the nationality of the deceased, returned a verdict of " Death from natural causes."

* * * * *

The season had been a very dry one, and rain was sorely needed for the crops. Several of the local farmers feared the worst if rain did not come soon, so they agreed to have a meeting and decide what was to be done. They met and decided to send a deputation to the village parson to ask him to pray for rain.

The parson listened to what they had to say and then replied : " Of course, if you wish me to do it, I will do so, but I think it will be better to let the matter stand over until the wind changes."

* * * * *

A man who had owned a Ford for years, and had refitted new parts at various times, found he had quite a collection of old parts, including wheels,

tyres, mudguards, etc., so he said to the gardener : "When the coal man comes, throw all this scrap-iron into his cart, and let him take it down to the garage for me. I will call and see them about it later." He figured that as scrap-iron, he might receive its cash value. The coal man duly loaded his cart with the remnants, took them to the garage, where he tipped them in a heap, telling the garage proprietor that the gentleman would be coming to see him about them.

Owing to pressure of other business, the Ford owner was not able to call at the garage. He was surprised, however, when a youth called to see him the next day, and said :

"My father is the proprietor of the garage, and he says you'd the worst smash up he's ever seen, but he'll try and have it ready in fourteen days."

* * * * *

An old farmer sat in church one evening, and fell asleep during the sermon. The vicar could see him, and after a lengthy discourse on the beauties of heaven and the horrors of hell, he said : "Will all those who wish to go to heaven, stand up." Everybody stood but the old farmer who stirred a little in his sleep.

"Now," said the vicar, loud enough to waken the farmer, "will all those who want to go to hell stand up."

The farmer only heard the last two words distinctly, and jumped up, rubbing his eyes and said : "I don't exactly know what the voting's about,

vicar, but it seems you and me are the only ones on our side, anyway."

* * * * *

Two labourers were discussing the details of a railway accident, when one turned to the other and said :

" Which would you rather be in, a railway accident or an explosion ? "

" Oh," said the other, " a railway accident, of course, because in a railway accident, ' there you are,' but in an explosion, ' where are ye ? ' "

* * * * *

A man had a little poultry run which he had fenced off with wire netting, in a field. He was making a chicken coop, inside the wire netting, and his grandson, a boy of about five years of age was keeping him company. The little boy was continually picking up the tools which he was needing, and after a time, the man found the boy such a nuisance that he put the boy in the field outside the netting, telling him to look through the netting and he could see all that was going on. After some time, the little fellow said :

" Let's come in, grandad, old mate, it's cold out here."

* * * * *

A motorist pulled up one winter evening, at a very fashionable hotel, where several very expensive cars were parked. As it was very cold, he took the knee rug and was throwing it over the bonnet

of his car to keep the engine warm, when a little urchin called out: "Nay, mister, you needn't cover it up, we've seen it's a Ford."

* * * * *

A concert was being held in connection with the parochial tea in a church school in Yorkshire. All the artistes were drawn from among members of the congregation.

Some who rendered songs were accompanied on the piano by their friends, and for those who had no special accompanist, the curate, who was quite a good pianist, officiated.

The vicar, who was in the chair, caused much merriment when announcing a solo by a middle-aged spinster lady named Smith, by saying:

"Miss Smith will now sing 'Put me in a little cot' accompanied by the curate."

* * * * *

A Jew bought his son some goldfish in a bowl. On the following evening when he came home from business, he was very surprised to see the fish were dead.

"What's happened now?" he asked.

"I don't quite know," replied the boy. "You said they were gold, so when I took them out and put them in the acid to see if they were gold, and then put them back in the water, they wouldn't swim. I think you've been had."

* * * * *

A gentleman advertised for a smart office boy, and out of the total applicants, he had set aside two from which to make his final selection. He

questioned both boys very thoroughly as to their abilities and both seemed about equal.

He was rather in a quandary when a happy thought struck him, and acting upon it, he called in one boy and said : " I cannot make up my mind which of you two boys to choose. Tell me, are you a good scratcher out ? "

" Yes, sir," said the boy, " I can scratch out so that you can scarcely tell it has been scratched."

The gentleman next called the other boy and asked him the same question, to which the bright boy replied : " I couldn't say, sir, I have had no experience of scratching out."

Needless to say he obtained the job.

* * * * *

During the war, when men on service drew extra pay in respect of their children, any birth in the family after enlistment, had to be entered on a special form, and application made thereon for extra allowance.

In one family, where the wife was rather illiterate, a happy event of this character, had taken place. The wife had sent up for the special form, and after trying to read and understand it, for many hours without much success, she wrote a note in a scrawling hand, which read as follows :—

" Gentlemen, in accordance with instructions contained in your form, I have given birth to triplets, and respectfully apply for compensation."

* * * * *

An optimist, who always contended that in spite of our adversities, we have a lot to be thankful

for, was one day walking with a friend in the fields near a rookery. He happened to be looking up just as a lot of birds were flying overhead, and received rather a nasty splash right in his eye.

However, he proved that he practised what he preached, for as he wiped his face with his handkerchief, he said to his friend : " Thank the Lord cows don't fly."

* * * * *

A man wearing a very ragged coat went into a second-hand clothier's shop which was owned by a Jew, and asked to see some coats and vests. He took off his coat and vest and the Jew found him one which fit him very well, and for which the price asked was fifteen shillings. The man looked at himself in the mirror and then made a dash and ran out into the road, with the Jew after him shouting : " STOP THIEF, STOP THIEF."

A policeman in the road drew his revolver and was taking aim at the fugitive, when the Jew cried : " Shoot him in the pants ; the coat and vest are mine."

* * * * *

Two men who had formerly lived in the same village and had both been married at the same time, had afterwards gone to live in different districts. About a year afterwards, they happened to meet in a neighbouring town. " Hello," said one of them, " How are you going on ? I haven't seen you since the day of your marriage."

"Oh, I'm splendid, thank-you," said the other "my wife's an angel."

"You lucky beggar," said the first speaker, "mine's alive yet."

* * * * *

A man had suffered for a long time from a peculiar complaint, which had at last been diagnosed by the local doctor as "a floating kidney." His wife, who was very distressed about it, suggested that she should ask the vicar to pray for a cure.

"But doesn't tha see, lass," said her husband, "that the parson can't pray about a floating kidney."

"I don't see what's ta stop him," said the wife, "he wor prating long enough t'other Sunday neet abaat loose livers."

* * * * *

A Yorkshire boy had just made his debut into business and had secured a job as office boy. He was, however, invariably late, but so far had just managed to arrive before his master, and, as none of the staff had reported him, he had not been called upon to explain his lateness. One morning the master was there before him, and when the boy got to the office, his master stood with watch in hand, waiting.

He glared at the boy and said in angry tone: "Look here, young fellow. Tell me, what time do they start work here?"

"I don't know, sir," said the boy, "they're always agate when I come."

A Communist agitator was addressing an audience of working people ; he stood on a box in a public park, and was bewailing the lot of the poor classes and shouted : " Where did the aristocrats get their land from. I tell you they stole it. The land is man's legitimate heritage, and what we want is the land, the soil, and we will have it, too."

A young man at the back of the crowd who evidently was bored with the topic, picked up a clod of earth, threw it at the orator, and as it hit the Communist on the jaw, said :

" Well, there's a bit to be going on with."

* * * * *

A noisy overbearing man was drinking in a public bar and ordered the waiter about in a loud manner ; eventually he asked where the lavatory was situated. A young man who had been leaning against the counter talking to the barmaid, rather resented this blatant vulgarity, and turning to the noisy one, said to him : " You go down the passage, take the first turning to the right, immediately in front of you, you will see a door with ' gentlemen ' printed on it, don't take any notice of that, go in."

* * * * *

A Lancashire man was very fond of tripe, and invariably brought some home for his supper, on his way home from his club.

Although he had tried very hard, he had never

succeeded in persuading his wife to have some. One evening, they were both in the neighbouring city together, and as they passed a tripe shop, the husband expressed a desire to have some of his favourite dish. Everything looked clean and appetising, so his wife decided she would try a small portion of tripe. The order was given, and the husband had eaten about half of his when he turned to his wife and said : " Well, lass, how does tha like tripe ? " " It's not bad," she said, " if it wasn't so stringy."

The husband looked first at her plate, and then at her face and said : " It wouldn't be stringy if tha'd lift thi veil up."

* * * * *

A Wigan collier and his wife went to Blackpool for a week. The husband had never stayed away from home before, and was not used to the ways of apartment houses. He got along fairly well, and at the end of the week, as they were leaving, he asked for the bill, scrutinising it very closely before he paid it, to let them think he knew what he was about.

When he had been at home awhile, he gave his wife the settled bill to put away, and as she glanced at the items, she remarked : " I think they charged us enough when they put 2s. 6d. down for the cruet ; we scarcely ever used it."

" Nay, lass," said he, " I've told thi many a time, tha doesn't understand the value of stuff

at all. Fancy saying that half-a-crown were too much for t'cruet, when I've pawned it for four bob."

* * * * *

At a borough council meeting a motion was before the assembly, "that there should be notices fixed to all the gas lamps requesting pedestrians to KEEP TO THE RIGHT side of the road." This motion was being strenuously opposed by an alderman noted more for his plain speaking than for his intelligence, who said, amidst roars of laughter, the reason he objected was because the left side of the road would never be walked on.

* * * * *

One evening, the room of a country public-house was full of working-men, and someone had introduced the subject of economy. Some believed that the only way to enjoy old age in comfort was to be economical in one's youth. Others said that economy could be carried too far and one of the latter said :

"If fowk practised economy like my wife were practising, till I stopped her, the kids'd never live to be men and women, never mind owd folks."

"How's that?" they asked him, deeply interested

"Well," he said, "she used to give the kids a penny each to go to bed without supper, and then, when they'd fallen asleep, she took th' pennies from them, and in the morning, she made 'em do without breakfast for losing their pennies."

A city milkman was in the habit of adding water to his supply of milk, to make it go round, and as a means of profit.

He was under suspicion by the authorities, but try as they would, they had not been able to catch him. One morning, however, an inspector met him coming down the street, and he smiled to think he had got the milkman at last. As soon as the milkman saw him, he fell full length, spilling all his milk. As he got to his feet, he said : " Dear me, I've spilt my milk."

" Yes, I see that," said the inspector, " you've spilt your milk, but you've saved your bacon."

* * * * *

At a cafe in the North, a number of Jews were seated at a table, talking business, etc., when another Jew came up and joined them. He had not been there many minutes when one of them called out to him : " Hello, Moses, how did you go on with the fire on Thursday ? "

" Hush," replied Moses, " it's next Thursday."

* * * * *

A country gentleman sent his son to London to study his profession more thoroughly, and was disturbed to hear bad reports of his son's wild life. He had always kept his son well supplied with money, but before believing the bad reports, he decided to go to London and get first-hand information. He arrived at the city late at night, and engaging a taxi, drove off to his son's bachelor flat. As he intended to stay at a hotel after seeing

his son, he asked the taxi-driver to wait, and going to the door, he rang the bell. The door was opened by his son's manservant to whom the father said: "Does Archie Jones live here?" "Yes, sir," said the servant, looking at the taxi, "bring him in."

* * * * *

Almost everybody is familiar with the floral emblems which are conspicuous at funerals. Sometimes a vivid imagination is necessary to associate the shapes turned out by florists, with what they are supposed to represent.

A public works contractor, who had gained much wealth, and who had commenced his career as a navvy, had passed away. His widow, who was of humble origin also, was making a great display at the funeral. There were a number of floral emblems at the funeral, among which was one from the local Lifeboat Committee (the deceased having formerly been a member) in the form of an anchor, and this had been reared up against the coffin prior to leaving the house.

The many friends had gathered together, when the widow, who was thinking more of her own importance than of her loss, entered the room in a truly regal style. She immediately noticed the anchor, but not being exactly clear in her mind as to its exact shape, she imagined someone had sent it to cast a slur on her husband's former days, and she exclaimed: "Who the devil's sent that pick?"

A young man, who was not exactly an orator, aspired to municipal honours. Prior to addressing his first meeting, his father gave him a good coaching and practically framed the speech he was going to deliver. When he got on to the platform, he had an attack of stage fright, and try as he would, he could not remember what it was he was going to say.

However, he made a start and said: "Ladies and gentlemen. When I came to this meeting to-night, there was nobody but my father and me who knew what I was going to say. Now, there's no one but my father knows."

* * * * *

The local Blue Ribbon Army were marching along the street, the captain walking backwards, conducting the music and the singing. Suddenly the captain espied a little urchin in the rear who was smoking a cigarette. Pointing to the boy, the captain shouted: "Little boy, if God had made you to smoke, He would have put a chimney on your head."

The little boy grinned at him mischievously as he replied: "Yes, and if He'd made you to walk backwards way, He'd have put your eyes behind you."

* * * * *

An impudent youth went into an off-license, and placing a jug full of beer on the counter, said: "My father's sent this beer back, he says it's full of element."

"He means sediment," said the shopkeeper, as he changed the beer, in not too good a temper. "Here you are, and just tell your father I speak English and I couldn't tell what the **H—he meant!**"

"All right," said the youth, "I don't know what the H—he meant, but that's what he **said he meant.**"

* * * * *

The district was in the throes of a strike, and being a small borough, the local police force had been augmented.

A draft of policemen had just arrived and were being addressed by the local inspector.

A crowd of strikers had followed the draft from the station and were booing as loudly as possible. The inspector, emphasising the necessity for keeping their tempers, asked them to be tolerant, as he knew the bitterness that would accrue from a pitched battle, which would have to be lived down by the local force.

He was just saying "And don't lose"—when a brick hit him squarely on the jaw—forgetting all he had said, he shouted: "Charge the B——s."

* * * * *

Paddy was a great big "broth" of a boy and a typical son of Erin, who liked nothing better than a fight, no matter what the cause.

Since arriving in England he had not had much opportunity to satisfy this fighting spirit and inwardly was annoyed to find himself in so law-abiding country.

One day he saw a regular scrimmage between about six men and women ; the men were kicking, punching and swearing, whilst the women were scratching, tearing each others hair and filling the air with screams.

Paddy stood amongst the onlookers for a bit, then unable to hold himself in check any longer, he turned to a bystander and said : " Will you tell me if this is a private fight or can anyone join in ? "

* * * * *

A very deaf old man, poetically inclined, had spent a long time in compiling a supplement to the Church hymn-book. Having at last completed his work he handed it to the vicar for his perusal and comment. The vicar was agreeably surprised at the high quality of the work and gladly agreed to announce the completion of the work on the following Sunday.

The old man was delighted and went to church the following Sunday, but not being a regular attendant sat at the back.

The vicar commenced to read the notices prior to his sermon. His first announcement was as follows :

" Will all those having babies to christen please arrange to bring them next Sunday afternoon at 2-30, as we are having a children's service to enable them to witness the ceremony of baptism."

The old man could not hear what was said, but could see by the vicar's demeanour that he was reading an announcement. Thinking it was about

his hymn-book and carried away with enthusiasm he jumped up and shouted :

“ Yes, and those who haven’t got them can be supplied by applying to me, price one shilling each, with extra strong back, one-and-six.”

* * * * *

The choir boys had organised a cricket club. They had a good supply of batsmen and bowlers but not one had any idea of stumping. A rather tough village youth, who was a good stumper, was invited to join the club.

One day, whilst a match was in progress, the vicar came to see the game and seeing the stumper, asked who he was, and why he had joined the club. Hearing the reason he remarked : “ He is a very good stumper, no doubt, but all members must be in the choir. He must come along on Monday evening and see the choirmaster.”

On Monday the boy saw the choirmaster, who said : “ Can you sing, lad ? ”

“ I don’t know anything, sir,” replied the boy.

“ Do you know ‘ A little ship was on the sea ? ’ ”

“ Yes.” “ Then sing the first verse.”

The boy did so, but in a most awful voice. The choirmaster looked at him, asked him to sing again and then said :

“ I never heard such singing before, I hope to goodness I never do again. Go on with your stumping.”

* * * * *

A man who was continually ailing was advised by a friend to consult a specialist. He did so and

after a very searching examination the specialist finally diagnosed the complaint as general weakness aggravated by undernourishment, ordered him to leave off the vegetarian diet, to which he was accustomed and to eat more animal food with an occasional change to fish.

About a month later the specialist met the man and asked him how he was progressing.

"I can manage the fish alright, and the beans and carrots, but the blooming 'choppy' (hay cut very small) gets me down."

* * * * *

A young subaltern had just joined a crack regiment and an old fussy major, who was his sponsor, was putting him through his paces as to the varying points of etiquette to be observed.

He was very emphatic on the question of sobriety and perfect decorum within the mess and finished his lecture by saying :

"It is so easy to 'get going' after dinner and forget yourself; just take my tip, keep having a look at those two candles on the table—pointing to a trophy in the shape of a candlestick—when you see three, it's a sure sign that 'discretion is the better part of valour'; therefore, pay your compliments to the senior officer and retire to your quarters."

"Very good, sir," replied the young sub. "may I suggest, very respectfully, that, as there is only one candlestick, you practice what you preach and retire forthwith."

A wealthy man with a reputation for meanness, met with a nasty accident whilst motoring, losing half his upper lip.

He was advised to have some flesh grafted on at once. He saw the surgeon, but hearing his fee, he loudly protested, saying he knew he could get it done cheaper and not have to use his own flesh.

The surgeon was disgusted, so in order to punish him for his meanness, said: "I can give you the names of two men who make a speciality of this class of work. I will introduce you to them; they, no doubt, will provide the flesh and do the whole job for five guineas."

"I knew it," said the man, "and I will pay no more."

The surgeon introduced the man to two students, who were good practical jokers, they undertook the job. For flesh they procured the flesh and skin of a fowl and sewed it on the upper lip, telling the man to keep the lip bandaged for six weeks. They then drew their five guineas and departed.

Six weeks later the man took off his bandage and looked at himself in the mirror, when, to his horror, he saw that half his moustache was hair and half feathers.

* * * * *

A Scotch Highland farmer wanted a youth to be trained as a shepherd. A big brawny youth from the lowlands applied and was such a well-built fellow, that the farmer, when he saw him, decided, if he knew anything about sheep, to engage him.

"What's your name, my lad?" "Jock."

"An' what do you know about sheep, Jock?"

"I knows enough to keep 'em from straying."

"Well, Jock, you see all the sheep on the hill?"

"Hi." "Well, if you can get all those sheep in the yard in an hour's time, the jobs yours."

"Right," said Jock as he started off.

The farmer went for his dinner and when he returned, all the sheep were in the yard, panting and tongues hanging out, there was also a hare amongst them. Jock stood there, coatless, mopping the perspiration from his forehead.

The farmer was surprised and said: "You've done verra weel, Jock, verra weel indeed, and how did ye do it—and what's the meaning of the hare?" at the same time pointing to the hare darting amongst the sheep.

"Ye mean the little wee brown one," said Jock. "Mon, I've had more trouble with that one than all the rest put together. I thowt it wor a lamb."

* * * * *

A very vain little girl had just returned from a party for which she had been specially and expensively rigged out

Her mother asked her if she had enjoyed herself and she replied: "Yes, it was ever so nice, it was glorious, I was the prettiest girl there."

"How do you know that," said the fond mother.

"Well," said the girl, "I was there and I could see all the others."

At a Lancashire cotton mill it was the custom on Saturday for the female weavers to sweep the factory, leaving the dirt in a heap in the middle of the floor for one of the tacklers to remove.

None of the tacklers cared for this job, all tried to shirk it, so it was decided to have a draw to determine who should do it.

Six pieces of paper were folded, placed in a hat and well shaken up. The hat was then passed round behind and each took out a piece of paper; the one drawing the paper with MUCK across it had to shift the dirt.

One of the six always shouted as soon as he opened his paper: "Well, ba gum—muck agean," and of course he had it to shift.

He could never understand why he was so unfortunate in the draw, until one day a mate sent the story to a local paper.

The man, seeing it, for the first time realised that every paper in the hat had "muck" written on it—but he had been the only one to speak.

* * * * *

A tramcar was waiting at the terminus for the time of departure. The driver and conductor were having a chat on the path when the conductor drew the driver's attention to a lady approaching.

"Some woman that," said the conductor.

"Gee whiz," replied his mate. Meantime the lady boarded the car and mounted to the upper deck.

She was well past middle age and her dress was so short that it was perfectly ridiculous, but the

outstanding feature was a pair of wonderfully developed legs encased in white stockings.

The driver and his mate were still commenting on the "vision" when a slightly inebriated man, carrying two ducks under his arms said: "Say, mister, can I get on the car with these here two ducks?"

The conductor looked at the man, smiled and said:

"Yes, you may as well, there's a lady just gone upstairs with a couple of calves."

* * * * *

The miners from a local colliery in Yorkshire, after holding a meeting to discuss a trade grievance called at the village pub, and over their beer and baccy discussed the whole coal question.

A well-dressed man, who was in the room at the time, joined in and seemed to be in favour of the masters. Some of the miners were very pointed in their remarks and told him very bluntly that he knew nothing about the subject.

An old miner, scenting a cheap drink, supported the man very staunchly, at the same time winking at his mates. As the argument grew fiercer the stranger was almost overwhelmed by the miners, who in the excitement, all seemed to want to talk together.

The old miner thumped the table for silence, then turning to the stranger said: "Now, mister, do you know anything about mines?" "Why, of course I do," replied the stranger.

"Good," said the miner, "mine's a pint." Everybody laughed.

On the outskirts of a provincial city, lived an elderly business man of Scotch origin, who was noted for his eccentric habits. His business was about three miles away from his residence, and he would never use a motor or a tram-car, he always rode to business on horseback. He was very regular, and the sight of him astride his horse in the city was taken as a matter of course. One morning, however, he startled everybody by appearing on his horse seated the wrong way round, and one of his more intimate friends who saw him, asked: "What is wrong with you this morning, Mr. Mackay?"

"There's nothing vera wrong with me," said Mr. Mackay.

"But why are you riding the wrong way and facing your horse's tail?" asked his friend.

"Man," replied Mr. Mackay, "I dropped a saxpence in the manger last night."

* * * * *

It was at a village school, and some of the children had to travel considerable distance from home; so the teacher was in the habit of closing school early, and to make up for this she gave each scholar a little homework.

The task she gave to one little boy was as follows:—

"If it takes a man one hour to walk four miles, how long will it take him to walk twenty miles?"

The boy did not attend school, next day, and when he came the following day, he gave the

teacher a note which read as follows :—" Please Miss Teacher, the next time you give our Johnny a sum about how long it takes a man, will you make it a woman, and then his father won't have to break a day off his work to walk it.'

* * * * *

A man was looking at the menu in a restaurant, and turning to the waiter, he said : " I see you have sausage and mashed potatoes, can you assure me the sausage is quite fresh ? "

" It's fresh to-day, sir," said the waiter.

" Very well," said the man, " Bring me some."

The waiter returned speedily with the order, and when the man had tasted a portion, he called the waiter and again asked, " Are you quite sure they are fresh."

" They are, sir," said the waiter.

" It might be minced dog, from the taste," said the man.

" They really are quite fresh and wholesome, sir," replied the waiter, and thus reassured, the man went on with his meal.

Presently he felt something hard in his mouth, and on taking it out, he found it was a piece of wood ; he therefore recalled the waiter and said to him : " Bring me a cut off the joint and take this stuff away, I don't mind eating the dog, but I draw the line at eating the kennel as well."

* * * * *

Three village housewives were gossiping as they stood in a grocer's shop, awaiting their turn

to be served, and they were discussing a young man who had just taken a shop in the village. One woman said : " He's a right nice feller, he's somebody better, yond chap is, yoo can allus tell 'em by ther ways."

" I should just think yo can," said one of the other women, " our Jane has gotten a reight nice feller an all, ony body can tell that, 'cos when he pours his tea aht into his saucer, he doesn't blow it like common fowk, he wafts it wi his hat."

* * * * *

Michael was a good workman but a heavy drinker, and when he had drunk to excess, he was in the habit of thrashing his wife when he got home. The woman had asked the village priest to intercede with Michael on her behalf, and the priest tackled Michael and lectured him severely.

" Now Michael," said the priest, " mark what I have said to you : if there is any more of this, I'll put a curse on you, I'll turn you into a rat."

" Oh Father, don't," said Michael, fearfully, " I'll be better, sure I will," and for some little time, he did improve, but one evening he got drunk again, and was worse than before. The priest happened to call just when Michael was at his worst, and saw for himself the state Michael was in, and he said to Michael : " Now Michael, I'll do it, I'll put the curse on you."

" Well Father," said Michael, " if you must, you must," then turning to his wife, he said : " Kate, old girl, when the curse starts working, and you see the teeth sticking out and the whiskers

sprouting and the long tail growing, for the Lord's sake keep your eye on the cat."

* * * * *

Two Jews met again after a long time : they were very pleased to see each other again, and talked over a lot of things which had happened since they had last met. One of them had a very fine diamond pin, and as the other noticed it, he said :

"My vord, Isaac, that's a very fine stone you've got, it must have cost a lot, eh?"

"Yes it's a fine stone, it cost two hundred pounds," said Isaac.

"Gootness, what ever made you give so much, Isaac?" asked the other. "Vell," said Isaac, "Ven old Rubenstein died, he left me trustee, and he left two hundred pounds for a memorial stone. This is it!"

* * * * *

In a rural district, a self-made but uneducated man had succeeded in getting on the district council.

A beautiful piece of land had been presented for conversion into a public park, and the Council had tackled the job very well. The park being completed, they were met in council to decide what was required to furnish the lake. It was decided to purchase a motor launch, a dozen rowing boats and a pair of swans. One member made a proposition that they should have some gondolas on the lake, and the proposer suggested they should purchase half-a-dozen at a cost of eight

pounds each, when the self-made man jumped up with indignation and said :

“Gentlemen, it’s a shame to waste public money like this, there’s no need to buy half-a-dozen ; if we must have them, why not buy two and let them both breed.”

* * * * *

A County Court Judge was criticising a witness for the indefinite manner in which he was answering questions.

“Don’t keep saying, like a parrot, ‘I don’t remember,’” said the judge, “it is your duty to remember when you come to a court of law. I don’t know where I’d be if I forgot like that. Only this morning, on coming into court, I felt for my watch and chain, and found it was missing. Just imagine what I’d be feeling like now, if I were like you and had forgotten, but I remembered I had put them on the dressing table in my bedroom, so you see my mind is easy.”

When the judge arrived home at night, his wife said to him :

“Why all this fuss about leaving your watch and chain at home ?” “Why, what do you mean ?” he said.

“Well,” said his wife, “about ten-thirty this morning, a man came and said you’d sent him for your gold hunter and chain which you had left on the dressing-table, and I gave it to him, as he said you were in a hurry for it. But what surprised me most, was that two others came shortly

after with just the same message, and I can't understand it at all, I began to think you'd gone mad."

"Yes," said the judge, "I think I have."

* * * * *

A rather unkempt man was standing at the corner of the street, holding a tiny dog by a piece of string : both man and dog looked as if a square meal would do them good. Presently a lady came along : the man touched his cap and said : "Would you like to buy a dog, lady ?"

"It looks a miserable half-starved little thing," said the lady. "What do you call it ?"

"Negus, ma'am," replied the man. "Negus, Negus," said the lady. "What a peculiar name ; why, it means wine and water."

"Well," said the man, "that's all the little beggar ever does."

* * * * *

A very beautiful motor drew to the side of the kerb, and the owner got out to look at his rear tyre. He had just got back into the car again, and was about to start, when a lady came up to him and said : "Excuse me, but are you going into the city ?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then will you give me a lift, please ?" asked the lady.

"Certainly," said the man ; "get in."

He started the car and they proceeded citywards at a rather alarming speed, having several very narrow escapes and avoiding many collisions by inches only. The lady was feeling afraid, and

remarked to the motorist: "I am very nervous, please do be careful. You see, it is the first time I have ridden in a motor-car."

"I am being careful, madam," said the driver, "and as for being nervous, why, we're both in the same boat, because it's the first time I've driven a car, so you can bet I'm nervous."

* * * * *

An elderly clergyman was walking along the street when he saw two little boys struggling and trying to pull the knob of a bell at a front door. They were so small they could scarcely reach the knob, and seeing their difficulty, the clergyman went up to them and said: "Now my little friends shall I pull the bell for you?" They both replied at once: "Yes, sir," so he gave the bell a big pull and he heard the clang of the bell very clearly. As the boys heard it, they laughed, and starting to run they said to the clergyman, "Now you'll have to run, or get well kicked." The clergyman took their advice.

* * * * *

A motorist was taking some friends for a run in his 60-h.p. car, and in order to let them see what a wonderful car he had, he drove at a terrific speed.

They were rolling along a straight road, and a number of houses and cottages could be seen ahead of them, along the road, and as they approached the village without slackening speed, the motorist turned his head and said: "This is a pretty little village, wasn't it?"

A preacher was delivering a long drawn-out sermon to a congregation who were, for the greater part, bored stiff, and when he chanced to look up, he beheld, in the front row of the gallery, his small son, armed with a peashooter, shooting peas all over the place. By the jumps of various members of the congregation, it was evident that he was quite a marksman.

The preacher gave his son a look which ought to have been sufficient to wither him by its intensity, but the little boy was quite unabashed as he called out: "It's all right, dad, you go on preaching, and I'll keep 'em awake."

* * * * *

A local preacher was due to preach at a Chapel in his district the following Sunday, which had attained some fame by reason of its "Wayside Pulpit" (a notice board on which was posted, each week, various pithy proverbs). The preacher was quite proud of the fact that he was to occupy the pulpit of this chapel and he decided to walk past it, and see if his name was posted up. He duly arrived in front of the chapel, and was filled with indignation to see on the board, on one side, this notice:—

"The sermon next Sunday will be preached by the Rev. Ottiwell Wood," and on the other half of the board was set out in large type: "Don't worry, it may never happen."

* * * * *

When George Washington was a boy, his father bought him an axe, and young George chopped

down his father's favourite tree. When his father saw the fallen tree, he asked: "Who has chopped down my favourite tree?" Young George answered: "It was I, father, I cannot tell a lie." "Come to my arms, my son," said his father, "I would rather you chopped a hundred trees than tell one lie."

A Yorkshire lawyer had a son, and he presented this son with an axe. This boy likewise chopped down a cherry-tree, and when his father saw it he said: "Who's chopped down this tree?"

"It is I, father, I cannot tell a lie," replied the boy.

"Come here, you young rascal," said the father. "I'd rather you told a hundred lies than chopped down that tree," and he gave his son such a hiding that the boy never told the truth afterwards.

* * * * *

A man who held rather a decent job in the city had been absent from business for a few days on sick leave, and his employer had a suspicion of the truth of the matter, therefore he wrote and asked the man for a doctor's report.

The man asked his doctor to tell him what his complaint really was. "Chronic alcoholism," said the doctor.

"But I cannot tell my employer that," said the man. "Can't you give it another name?"

"Well, I might call it syncopation," said the doctor.

“That sounds better,” said the man. “What does it mean?”

“Oh,” replied the doctor, “a staggering movement from bar to bar.”

* * * * *

A very unsavoury case was being tried in an assize court, and prior to its commencement the judge said to the court: “I shall be glad if all the ladies will please leave the court during the hearing of this case.” Quite a lot of ladies left the court, but a few remained seated; when the judge noticed these, he turned to the usher and said:

“Now that all the ladies have left, remove the women.”

* * * * *

An Englishman and a Scotchman, who were on a walking tour in Ireland, saw an improvised notice board nailed to a tree, on which was written in chalk: “TWO MILES TO KINNERGACHIE; if you cannot read apply at the post office.”

The Englishman roared with laughter on reading the notice, but the Scotchman simply looked surprised at his mirth, and took no more than a passing interest in the notice.

That evening, when they were having dinner, the Scotchman commenced to giggle.

“Well, what is it?” said the Englishman.

“I’ve just seen the joke about the notice board,” said the Scotchman.

“Out with it then,” said the Englishman.

“They might not be in at the post office.”

* * * * *

The Scotch express was drawn up at the London terminus and the guard was watching porters throw luggage, etc., into his van when a fussy old man came up and said :

“Now, guard, I’m going by your train ; I’m a sound sleeper and it often takes several minutes to get me thoroughly awake. I have a very important business engagement at York and am afraid of oversleeping and going beyond ; here is half-a-crown, when we get to York, wake me up, and, if I expostulate in my dozy condition, don’t pay any heed, just get me on the platform, even if you have to use force.”

“Very good, sir,” said the guard and saw the man to his seat. The man suddenly realised he was in a smoker so he changed to another compartment and immediately fell asleep.

When he awoke he was at Newcastle. Jumping out he went up to the guard in a towering rage, saying : “Look here, I gave you a half-crown to see that I got out at York. Here I am at Newcastle in spite of all my precautions. I’ll see the superintendent and have you sacked.”

The guard looked flabbergasted and replied :

“Well, mister, you can swear a bit, I know the old super can swear a bit also, and no doubt when you get together you’ll paint the air blue ; but I’ll

bet you this half-crown that both of you together can't swear half as much as that fellow that I threw out at York and left there."

* * * * *

Just after the British yacht "Shamrock" had been beaten by the American yacht "Columbia" a Yankee and a Cockney were discussing naval matters. Each in turn had done a lot of swanking and the Yankee said :

"Waal now, I guess if we had to go to war with this little one-eyed island of yours, I calculate we should send over our unbeaten yacht 'Columbia' and tow the whole British Navy into New York harbour."

"Just so," said the Cockney, "and I dunno that we shouldn't allow you to, sonny; but, blimy, it would take a better man than Columbus to discover America after, I reckon."

* * * * *

A smart salesman, out of a berth and nearly spent up, seeking an outlet for his abilities and capital, visited a dealers' stores. His capital being small, the range of suitable articles was small, so he decided to purchase a few mottoes worded : 'Love one another.'

When he reached the outskirts of the city he saw what he guessed to be the landlord, coming out of a public house without his hat. Entering the house and seeing the landlady, he said :

"Was that your husband who just went out?"
"Yes."

“ I’ve just shown him these mottoes and he was very much taken up with them, but said that you had no time for sentimental notions such as these and he felt sure nothing could tempt you to put such a beautiful motto in your house.”

“ Oh, did he, well I’ll show him, we’ve just had a few words this morning and I expect he feels like that. How much are they ? ” “ One shilling.” He supplied the motto, pocketed the money and withdrew.

Walking down the street he met the landlord. He stopped him and said : “ Are you the landlord of the Bull ? ” “ Yes, why ? ”

“ Well, I’ve just shown your wife these mottoes and she is ever so much taken up with them, but says you have forgotten the meaning of the word ‘ love ’ and that if you were to take one home it would be worth its weight in gold and would make her extremely happy.”

“ How much are they, lad ? It’s just what I want.”

“ One shilling, sir.” He paid and hurried home with his purchase. On arrival, presentations were mutual and both realised they had been hoaxed. The landlord was very indignant and called out to a pal : “ John, run after that chap in a light suit and straw hat and tell him I want him at once.”

John went and caught the man just as he was getting on a tram. “ Hi, mister, the landlord of the Bull wants you.”

“ I can’t come now, the tram is just starting, but

I know what he wants ; it's one of these mottoes ; they are one shilling each, and you can take him one."

"Alright," said John, "I'll take him one." He paid his own shilling and hurried back with his purchase.

His reception can be better imagined than described.

* * * * *

In the middle of the nineteenth century, when body-snatching was rife, to meet the demands of medical students for post-mortem examinations, there lived a man in a village, who had a very eccentric habit, when drunk, of undressing and going to sleep under the hedge, thinking, no doubt, in his intoxicated state, that he was at home, hence his disrobing.

One night passing the graveyard, the sleepy feeling came on, he undressed and fell asleep under the wall.

Later, two grave-robbers came along and set about their task, unaware that the debauchee was asleep on the other side of the wall. After some little time one of the men came out of the grave and called down to his mate : "Throw one up, Jack."

Immediately a corpse came hurtling through the air, but with such force that the man at the top failed to catch it and it went clean over the wall and alighted on top of the sleeper.

It was a moonlight night and the whack he received awakened him. Having slept for some time he was in a sober state, and seeing the corpse,

was terrified and set off as fast as he could in his shirt.

The man at the top of the grave looked astounded and after watching for a minute called out to his mate :

“ Hi, Jack, throw another up, yon’s off.”

* * * * *

A Lancashire millhand had purchased a second-hand motor bicycle. Although it was a very early model and looked very dilapidated he was very proud of his new possession and was very patient in his efforts to get it going.

After much tinkering he set out for a day’s motoring. He had been out about an hour and was chugging along a quiet road laboriously, when a man on a twin racer whizzed past him at about seventy miles an hour and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Reaching a pub a little further on, the racer stopped and sat down outside for a drink. Whilst he was there the man with the second-hand motor bike came up, half the machine on his shoulder, wearily trailing the other half after him ; his clothes were all torn and mudstained and he seemed to have had a very rough time.

“ Hello, what’s up ? ” said the racer.

“ You remember passing me down the road, don’t you ? ”

“ Yes.” “ Well, you passed me at such a speed, I thought my machine had stopped, so I got off, that’s all.”

A family had great expectations from a cousin whom they had never seen and had only just heard of, who was coming from abroad to see them and was expected that day.

Mother had gone to great trouble to prepare a four course dinner, an event that had never occurred before.

Both father and mother were terribly afraid lest their ten year old son, who was a real spoilt child, and very blunt in his speech, should misbehave, so father promised him a bicycle if he behaved whilst the guest was with them.

The cousin, who turned out to be an elderly man of peculiar looks arrived and they sat down for dinner.

"Will you have some soup?" said mother to the cousin.

"No thanks, I never take soup," was the reply, so soup was taken by the others alone.

"Will you have a little fish?" "No thanks, I never take fish."

"Will you have some meat and vegetables?"

"No thanks, I never take them."

The poor woman was terribly upset at these repeated refusals after the special preparations she had made.

The boy, who had been staring hard at the guest, and saw his mother's condition, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Boil the old bounder an egg, mother, and beggar the bicycle."

A man, carrying a suit case and golf clubs, was pushing his way through the crowd of people on the ferry-boat landing stage. He seemed in a desperate hurry and jostled people about most inconsiderately.

It was evident he was hurrying to catch the ferry, and nearing the edge of the stage, he observed the boat three yards away. He shouted: "Clear the way" and before anyone could stop him, he took a run and jumped from the landing stage to the boat. Several passengers on the boat just managed to grab him as he jumped and thereby saved him as, without their assistance he would have fallen back into the water.

As they dragged him to safety on the deck he said: "By Jove, that was a near thing, I nearly missed it."

"Nay, you didn't," said a passenger, "the boat was only just coming in."

* * * * *

It was ladies' evening at the club. During supper one member made himself decidedly unpopular amongst the gentlemen by conversing in a loud voice. He was telling a young man, facing him, about the many benefits derived from marriage, trying to put himself very high in the ladies' estimation.

This wouldn't have been so bad, but it so happened that this young man, and several others present, knew him to be a canting old hypocrite of the worst type, who, in addition to a wife, had an "affair" with another lady.

When he arose with a smirk on his face and took up a glass and said: "Here's to our wives and sweethearts," the few who knew him looked disgusted, but the young man was equal to the occasion for he jumped up, clicked his glass against the old hypocrite's and said: "And let's hope they never meet."

* * * * *

A typical Yankee met a Scotchman in a Liverpool hotel. The Yankee was very much interested in his new acquaintance, and as he was on a holiday, suggested he should be the American's guest for a week, to which the Scot agreed.

After seeing most of the sights of Liverpool, which the Yankee always belittled by saying they had much better things in America, they went to Blackpool where the Scot pointed out with pride the wonderful Tower.

"Waal, I guess, in New York City, we have fire escapes as good as that," said the Yankee.

The Scot was getting fed up and next day they travelled to Edinburgh as he wanted to show the Yankee the Forth Bridge. He had not mentioned it as he wanted to surprise the Yankee.

They arrived at Queens Ferry late at night, and when they came out next morning and saw the bridge the Yankee exclaimed: "Gee whiz, Scotty, who put the path across the stream?"

"I don't know," replied the Scot with glee, "it were no there last night."

Two gentlemen, who had just taken their seats at a table in a restaurant, were highly amused at the way orders were shouted up the lift to the kitchen, everything having a special name.

One of the gentlemen ordered two poached eggs on toast, and whilst his friend was studying the menu the order was passed up to the kitchen as "Adam and Eve on a raft."

The other gentleman hearing this decided to puzzle him, so he ordered two eggs scrambled on toast, but admitted defeat when the order went up "Adam and Eve on a raft and wreck 'em."

* * * * *

A bricklayer's labourer had to get up very early, in order to arrive at his work, some considerable distance away, at the proper time.

One morning, when the alarm gave its warning ring, he stopped it and laid down again for a few minutes. His wife, noticing he was not getting up, gave him a shake which aroused him and he got up.

Having lost those few minutes he was in such a hurry that, in the darkness he put his trousers on wrong way round.

During the morning a ladder broke, as he was ascending, and he was thrown to the ground. As he sat there, semi-dazed, though not really hurt, he noticed for the first time that his trousers were on wrong way round.

His mate called to him from the scaffold : " Are you hurt, Jack ? "

" No," he replied, still looking at his trousers, " but I've had a devil of a twist."

* * * * *

An American walking in Lancashire, called at a little public house for a drink, and noticing a workman was the only other occupant said : " I guess you'll have a drink ? "

" Hi, I will lad," was the reply, so drinks were supplied and when finished the American said : " I guess you'll have another ? "

" Hi, I will owd lad," said the workman. He had another and was again accosted with a similar remark.

" Ba gum," said the man, " tha's a champion guesser, tha guesses reight every time," and he had another.

The workman then thought : " I've 'ad three drinks I ought to ask him to have one," So he said to the American :

" Will you have a drink wi' me, mister ? "

The American smiled, winked at the landlord and said :

" Thanks, I guess I'll have a double brandy and soda."

" Oh, so that's what tha guesses is it ? " said the Lancashire man. " Well, lad, tha'd better guess agean an' guess summat about threepence."

* * * * *

A man went up to the proprietor of a large travelling menagerie and asked for a job.

"I haven't a regular job at the moment," said the owner, "but you seem to be a fairly nimble fellow, so I'll make a proposition to you. If you will take on a rather unsavoury job to-day, I'll find you a permanent job to-morrow."

"I'll do it if I can," said the man.

"It's like this," said the owner, "our man-eating grizzly died suddenly this morning, and as I have advertised him freely, I don't want to disappoint the public. My men are taking his skin off now and I want you to be sewn up inside it and take its place in the cage for to-day's show."

"Oh, I'll do that," said the man, so he was sewn up in the skin. Now the cages were in pairs on wheels with a connecting door.

The evening performance commenced and the boss stepped into the arena; after pointing out several cages of animals he came to the one containing the grizzly bear.

"This cage, No. 37, ladies and gentlemen, contains a very fine specimen of a real forest-bred man-eating lion, a very savage and ferocious creature, yet a perfect specimen of his type. Here, in cage 38, ladies and gentlemen, you see a very fine specimen of a mountain grizzly bear, a very ferocious man-eater. It is our first visit here, and in order to give you an idea of what a fight between wild animals is like, I shall open the door and let the lion into the bear, and you will see such a sight as you will never forget."

He opened the door and the lion sprang through into the other cage and seized the bear by the neck.

The man inside began to shout: "Let me out; oh, let me out," but being sewn up his voice was muffled and sounded like a growl.

He was just commencing to shout again when the lion said to him: "Shut up you silly fool, I'm only a man same as you are."

* * * * *

A Jew had taken his young son for the day to the seaside and they went on to the pier. After they had been standing on the low water jetty for some time the father turned to his son and said: "Now, Abey, my boy, you stay here while I fetch you an orange."

When he returned he noticed a crowd around his son and asked the reason. A bystander said: "Your boy fell in the sea and that man there very gallantly dived in and rescued him."

The Jew looked at his boy and then rushed up to the man who had saved him: "Are you the man who fetched my boy out of the sea?" said he excitedly.

"Yes—but that's alright, sir, I want to get home as quickly as possible and get my clothes changed."

"It's not alright," said the Jew, "where's his hat?"

* * * * *

A political meeting was being held in a northern town and a new candidate was being introduced to the constituents.

The chairman, in his opening remarks referred to the new candidate in eulogistic terms and got very

excited, when he mentioned the leader of the opposition party.

"He is one of the biggest liars that ever walked," said the chairman, "but thanks to your wide-awake committee, we have adopted to-day a man who is more than a match for him."

* * * * *

A man, his wife, and ma-in-law were having a holiday at the seaside; they went for a sail in a yacht and ma-in-law proved to be a very bad sailor.

They had not been long on the water when she was moaning in the throes of "mal-de-mer." Leaning over the side as the yacht gave a sudden lurch she fell overboard. The sea was very rough and, in spite of heroic efforts to save her, she was drowned.

When the man and his wife were returning home they left word that, should the body be washed up, they were to be notified immediately by telegram.

About two weeks later the husband received a wire whilst his wife was out. It read: "Found body all covered with crabs, wire instructions." He replied: "Send on the fish, reset bait."

* * * * *

A very thin man consulted a physician respecting an internal pain. The physician had the man strip and without his attire he looked a very miserable object indeed; he was almost a shadow.

Carefully looking the man over and sounding

him the physician said in a very grave manner :
“I am in a quandary. I have located the pain alright, but you are so very thin, I don’t know whether to diagnose it as stomach-ache or back-ache.”

* * * * *

The spiritualists were holding a public meeting in a country village in the hope of encouraging recruits to the cause.

There being no counter attraction there was a good assembly to hear about spiritualism.

The speaker was very pleased and in his opening remarks said : “It is a great pleasure to see so many people take an interest in our work ; it gives us great encouragement. I only wish all our meetings were as well attended. There seems to be a feeling amongst the public that ghosts are harmful and will do injury. I never knew anything so absurd. Why a level-headed person would not even get a shock by encountering a ghost, and to prove my assertion I will ask anyone who has ever had a shock from a ghost to please stand up and relate his experience.”

An old gentleman at the back immediately jumped up and said : “What did you say, mister ?” whereupon the speaker repeated his statement.

“Oh, I beg your pardon,” said the old farmer, “I thought you said goat.”

* * * * *

A professional footballer went over to America to teach some backwoodsmen football. He got his men all dressed in proper attire and arranged in sides.

Before the first game was to start he got both teams together and addressed them as follows :

"In the game of football the chief thing is to win, and to win you must keep on kicking, it doesn't matter whether the ball is there or not, have a kick. What you've got to do is beat your opponent. Where is the ball? We'll begin."

"Never mind the ball," said one of the forwards, as he took a kick at his opponent, "let's get on with the game."

* * * * *

A man hailed a taxi and asked him to take him to the "Bachelor's Club." The exact fare was one shilling. Arriving there the man drew a handful of coins from his pocket and, taking out a sixpence and six pennies he tendered them to the driver, who openly showed his disgust at the passenger's meanness.

"That's correct, is it not?" asked the fare as he saw the look of scorn on the driver's face.

"Yes, by gad, it's correct?" said the driver, "I suppose you are a member here, not married, eh?"

"Of course I'm a member and not married, otherwise membership would be impossible," said the fare.

"Yes, and I bet your father was a member, too," said the driver as he drove away.

* * * * *

Two little boys were dividing an apple. One of them took a knife, cut the apple into two pieces of very uneven size, gave the smaller piece to the

other boy, and started to eat the larger portion himself.

The recipient of the smaller piece looked at it rather disconsolately and said: "You know, Georgie, had I been dividing the apple, I should have given you the larger portion."

"Well," said Georgie, "I've got it, haven't I? What are you chuntering about?"

* * * * *

In the days when fire engines were horse-drawn, two countrymen went to London for a few days. They had never been in a large city before and the hustle and bustle of the traffic amazed them.

They had retired to bed one night when a fire broke out in the city and immediately all was commotion in the streets.

The fire engines galloping by, woke up one of the countrymen, who put his head out of the window just as two fire engines, belching sparks, flame and clouds of smoke, from their funnels, went rushing by at a tremendous pace.

Withdrawing his head he rushed to his friend and said: "Wake up, wake up, they're shifting hell; they've just gone by with two loads."

* * * * *

At a certain Yorkshire junction, from where trains departed in six different directions, confusion often occurs amongst passengers.

A slightly inebriated man had been rushing about and although the station officials had directed him aright several times, he never stopped to listen but blundered from platform to platform.

More by good luck than good management he got into his right train and sat down cursing and swearing about the station, etc.

A curate seated opposite looked shocked at such profanity and said: "My good man, do you know where you are going?" "Where?" said the man. "You're going to hell," said the curate. "Wrong blooming train again," said the man as he rushed on to the platform.

* * * * *

A very autocratic young officer was taking "Kit Inspection" in a Lancashire regiment. He had passed about half-way along the line when he stood opposite a soldier, a worthy exponent of the Lancashire dialect.

"Where is your hairbrush and comb, my man?"

"Oi ain't gotten noan," replied the man.

"What is that you say?"

"Oi ain't gotten noan," again replied the man. The officer turned to the orderly N.C.O. and said:

"Sergeant, where's this man's brush and comb?"

"He says he ain't gotten noan, sir," said the sergeant, "which means he's baht."

* * * * *

A man, who spent a considerable time in an asylum as a patient, but who now held a certificate to testify to his sanity, was bewailing his lot to an acquaintance.

"My greatest trouble is, that nobody seems to want to explain things to me at length. And what

seem to be trivial things confuse me. For instance—will you tell me which is the other side of the road ? ”

“ Why, over yonder, of course,” said the man pointing across the way.

“ That is a typical example of what I mean. I’ve just been over there and asked the same question and a man told me it was over here.”

* * * * *

A workman, a red-hot socialist, was trying to convert his mate to the cause. It was very evident that his zeal outshone his knowledge. He was so persistent that his friend, becoming interested asked : “ What are the fundamental principles of the cause ? ”

“ That’s easily answered. It’s like this. If you had two rows of houses, you’d give me one, wouldn’t you ? ”

“ I daresay I should,” said his mate.

“ And if you’d two motor cars, you’d give me one ? ”

“ Yes, I would.”

“ Well, that’s socialism. And if you’d two pigs——”

“ Here, hold hard, none of that there, you know very well I’ve two pigs.”

* * * * *

During the Great War people at home were advised by a very prominent statesman to keep pigs. A hardworking and thrifty Yorkshire-

woman, whose husband was a drunkard and ne'er-do-well won the sympathy of all who knew her, by the cheery manner she lived her life amidst great difficulties.

Walking down the village street one day, just after the above mentioned proposal had been made, a man called out to her: "Good morning, Mary, has tha started to keep a pig yet?"

"Whatever art tha talking abaat," said Mary. "Tha knows vary weel I've kept a pig ivver sin I wor wed."

* * * * *

In the West Riding of Yorkshire there exists a fraternity known as the "Henpecked Husbands' Society." Its objects are to offer consolation to all who are under the heel of their better halves.

They have a secret and serious ritual for the initiation of new members, who must prove conclusively that they are really henpecked.

Once a year, usually Easter Monday, they have a picnic and ramble and only on this occasion do they come before the public gaze.

Forming in procession they march to an appointed place, amidst crowds of spectators, who invariably show great surprise when they recognise some of the members.

One of these annual processions had just started, when a woman, amongst the onlookers, called out:

"Well, I never saw anything like it, my husband among them; just fancy. The great fool?"

saying which, she broke through the crowd of spectators, grabbed hold of a man in the procession by the ear, and pulling him to her said :

“ You come out of it, making a laughing stock of yourself, you know very well that **you’re** not henpecked.”

* * * * *

It was the morning of the Scripture exam. at a north country school and the children were all agog with excitement.

The inspector was a local vicar, who always officiated in this capacity. His questions were simple and always in the same sequence, so that the master always gave his pupils a little preliminary preparation.

This preparation was in progress and the master, turning to the head boy, said : “ Now, Johnny, he’ll ask you : ‘ Who made you,’ and you must answer : ‘ God.’ ” “ Yes, sir.”

“ Now, James, you’re second boy ; he’ll ask you : ‘ Who was the first man,’ and you must answer : ‘ Adam,’ ” and so the prep. went on.

The inspector arrived and Johnny became so nervous that he asked to leave the room, thus leaving James the first boy.

The inspector turned to him and said :

“ Now, my boy, who made you ? ”

“ Please, sir, Adam.”

"No, my little fellow, you should know that God made you."

"Please sir, no sir, God made that boy who's just gone out."

* * * * *

A Scotchman and a Jew were playing golf. They were all square when approaching the last hole; then the Jew lost his ball, and both began to search for it.

They had been searching for it for some time without success, when the Scotchman's back being turned, the Jew very cautiously dropped another ball in a very favourable position and called out:

"It's here."

"You're a liar," said the Scotchman, "I've had it in ma pocket ten minutes, you damned cheat."

* * * * *

A village cooper who had been asked to repair a wood cistern, called at the house and was met by the owner's son to whom he said: "I've come to tackle that old tub in the kitchen."

"M'ther," called out the young man, "here's someone to see the cook."

* * * * *

Cook was on notice and just before leaving, asked her mistress for a character.

"Well," said the mistress with sarcasm, "what can I truthfully say?"

"Oh," said the cook with a sneer, "just say I stayed with you for three months. I think that will satisfy anyone who happens to know you."

A barrister was cross-examining a witness and was annoyed at the very precise way in which he answered the questions put to him. After a most minute explanation in answer to one question, the barrister said to the witness :

“Don’t you think you are rather straining a point in your explanation ? ”

“Well,” said the witness, “one often has to strain things to make them clear.”

* * * * *

An Arctic expedition had just started and the teacher had been explaining all the details to his class of young boys.

After showing how all the members of such an expedition must be brave and courageous he asked the class :

“What is the chief problem which they have to solve ? ”

One bright-eyed boy answered “Getting back.”

* * * * *

A quack doctor was standing in the market-place offering some special pills and was enumerating the many and varied complaints for which they were a certain cure.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he shouted. “My pills will cure toothache, earache, headache, coughs, colds, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, sore eyes, sore feet or constipation. They will immediately put right a torpid liver, dizziness or shortness of breath. They cure bronchitis, inflammation and congestion of the lungs. They are sixpence a box ; now take a box home with you, and if you

have no complaint at all, dissolve the pills in an eggcupfull of warm water, and you have the finest mendall cement the world has ever seen."

* * * * *

A simple-minded negro, employed as a handyman on a farm decided to do a bit of poaching, so he went out one night to steal chickens. When he reached the roost and started to get hold of the chickens they began to cackle and flutter. The farmer heard the noise and went to investigate.

The negro heard him coming and was terrified lest he be found, so when the farmer shouted: "Who's there?" he completely lost his head and in a trembling voice cried out: "It's only us chickens."

* * * * *

A man of weak intelligence was summoned on a very serious charge. He was advised to consult a solicitor and his guilt was so evident that the solicitor said he must consult counsel before taking on the job.

After hearing all he had to say counsel shook his head saying: "There is only one chance for you, my man; you'll have to act the goat and trust to Providence. Can you do that?" The man said he could, so they adjourned to the court.

When his case was called the magistrate said: "Are you the defendant in this case?" The man looked at the magistrate and in a bleating voice said: "BAA." The question was repeated and he gave the same answer. "Look here, my man, do you understand the seriousness of your position?" "BAA," was the reply.

"Who is responsible for this man being here? It's simply ridiculous. The man should be in an asylum, not a police court, wasting our time. I shall dismiss the case."

When they got outside the solicitor and counsel roared with laughter. The barrister said: "You ought to have five years for your crime, you are the luckiest man alive; when I told you to act the goat, I didn't mean make a noise like one; I simply meant act the fool. However, alls well that ends well. Six guineas, please."

"BAA," said the man walking away.

* * * * *

An old farmer had a dispute with a neighbour and intended to go to law, but hearing that it was very expensive decided to proceed warily.

He went to a solicitor, told him he was in trouble, but added: "Unless you can assure my winning, I am not going on with the case."

"Tell me the facts and then perhaps I can judge," said the solicitor.

The farmer thereupon told him the story. "Can I win?"

"My good man, you can't possibly lose. Why, the other fellow hasn't a ghost of a chance. It is only a waste of money for him to fight the action."

"Is that so?—let me see—you charge 6s. 8d. for advice, don't you? Well, here it is. I'm not going on with the action."

"Why not?" said the solicitor.

"Well, you see, I've told you the other fellow's story, so that I am the man who hasn't a ghost of

a chance, and I don't intend to throw my money away, so there's nothing more to be said, only good-day."

* * * * *

A negro was being charged with stealing a watch. The police had brought several witnesses to prove that only the negro had access to the room from which the watch had been stolen.

The negro had, however, a very good counsel who, by cross-examination of the witnesses, proved that it was impossible for his client to have committed the theft.

The magistrate found the charge unproved and dismissed the case. Turning to the negro he said, "You may go."

"Thank yo, yo worship, do I keep the watch?"

* * * * *

A man, who was walking across a field, saw a bull making for him in an angry rush, so he set off as fast as he could for the gate, some distance away.

He just reached it and scrambled over in the nick of time, for as he sprawled on the other side, the bull was tearing up the turf on the other side.

Getting to his feet he went to a calf grazing nearby, and lifting up its tail gave it a kick and said: "Now, young bull, go and tell your father what I've done."

* * * * *

During the Great War, when there was such a craze for allotments, a woman persuaded her

husband, much against his will, to dig up their garden, hitherto a derelict, and grow potatoes.

Procuring a spade he set about the job one night, his wife bringing out her knitting and keeping him company.

Soon he saw a shilling in the soil. Picking it up he showed it to his wife, put it in his pocket and carried on digging. A few minutes later he saw a two-shilling piece.

Both had visions of buried treasure. "Oh, dig harder, dear," said the wife. You never know what you'll turn up next." He carried on with increased fervour and soon a half-crown and another shilling appeared.

Excitement ran high and he was working like a trojan when suddenly he felt something cold slipping down his trouser leg, and immediately realised that he had a hole in his pocket and had been picking up his own money.

* * * * *

A very tired looking man, who had drawn to the limit from the "dole" suddenly realised that he must work or starve. He was not very enthusiastic, and after tramping some time approached an employer of labour for a job.

"I am afraid I can do nothing for you," said the employer, "I've only just sufficient work to keep my regular men employed."

"That won't upset things much," said the man, "for I'm sure you'd never miss the little bit I'd do."

An old gentleman was walking along a country road when he saw a hawker thrashing a donkey most unmercifully, because it refused to draw a cartload of greengrocery. Keeping donkeys himself he knew their stupid habits, so going up to the hawker he said: "Look here, don't thrash the donkey like that, you'll never move it that way, you should use stratagem."

"Oh should I," said the hawker sulkily, "let me see you do it." The old gentleman felt in his pocket, took out a piece of root ginger and inserted it under the donkey's tail. The donkey pricked up its ears and set off at a mad gallop, tail straight up, leaving the hawker staring after it.

"What did you say I'd to use?" asked the hawker.

"Stratagem," replied the old gentleman.

"Is it expensive?"

"Why, no," replied the old man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, I think I'd better have some if you don't mind, I've yon donkey to catch."

* * * * *

A man, who had not got on too well with his wife through sheer incompatibility of temperament, went away a good deal and was staggered to receive a message one morning to say his wife had died suddenly the previous day.

Hurrying home he saw the undertaker and was particularly anxious for an ostentatious display at the funeral lest he be dubbed a mean man by a critical public, who were sure to say things because

of his treatment of his wife during her lifetime. The undertaker suggested mutes and explained that they were hired mourners, very tall men with crepe on their hats, who walked behind the hearse in dead silence, with bowed heads and clasped hands. He ordered twelve. On the day of the funeral they duly set off in their allotted place in the cortege.

They had proceeded some distance when one mute said to his neighbour, "They're not burying the old girl before her time, she's beginning to 'niff."

"Yes," said the other, "I've noticed it. It's awful. But we musn't look up or we shall break our contract and lose our pay."

"Oh, I can't stand any more of it," said the first and lifted his head and immediately cried out, "Hold up, you fellows! we've missed the funeral at the last turning. We've been following a farmer's manure cart for the last half-mile!"

* * * * *

The awkward squad was being put through some simple drill by a drill sergeant who was firing out his words of command like bullets from a machine gun. "Left turn." "Right turn." "Mark time." "Quick march," etc. "Now you blithering idiot, where are you going? The likes of you wouldn't know your big toe from your heel if it hadn't a nail on it. Didn't you hear what I said?"

"Hi, I heerd you alreight," said the green one, "but I'm going hoam, tha doesna know thi' own mind two minutes together."

A man was being tried at a police court, and after hearing the evidence on both sides, the magistrate seemed to be in a quandary. Turning to the accused he said : " I am disposed to be lenient in this case, if you can give me some person's name as a reference."

" You can give me a reference if you will" the man replied. " I have lived here twelve years, sir."

" But I do not know you," said the magistrate.

" Well, isn't that good enough ?" asked the man.

The magistrate laughed as he said " Yes, I think it is."

* * * * *

A burglary had been committed, and the police were very anxious to find the culprits. Two plain clothes policemen were talking to a man, whom they knew had the confidence of several thieves in the district. They were trying to worm information out of him, and were treating him to a drink at a hotel bar.

" Have you any idea who broke into No. 26 last night ?" asked one of the policemen.

" Oh yes, I know who broke in, but if I tell you, I shall want another drink each for my pals over at the table there."

" That's alright," said the policemen, and drinks were ordered and paid for. " Now then," said the policeman, " who broke in ?"

" Why, burglars, of course," replied the man.

A motor salesman had called on an old farmer, with a view to selling him a small second-hand car. He had painted a mental picture of the old farmer sitting at ease, on his way to market. The farmer was a stoic, however, and after listening to the wonderful flow of eloquence, said, "How much do you want for it?" "Forty pounds," said the salesman. "Why man," replied the farmer, "I could buy a right good cow for that."

"Probably you could," said the salesman, "but you wouldn't look so well riding to market on a cow."

"No, and I shouldn't look so well trying to milk a motor-car."

* * * * *

At a country school, where the only adult male members of the staff were the Headmaster and the caretaker, physical training played a big part. The head took it himself as he was so insistent on it not being omitted.

One day he was taken ill and deputed the caretaker to take the boys in drill. The man didn't know much about it but did his best.

Giving the order 'Right legs up' he bent down and looked between the front ranks legs to see if the rear rank were obeying orders. One boy had inadvertently lifted his left leg. The caretaker could only see legs, and when he noticed two legs up together he shouted: "Now then you in the rear rank, who's got both legs up?"

A tramcar was going citywards with a full complement of passengers. A thin diminutive woman was annoying everybody with her sarcastic comments, criticising all the other passengers.

As she replied to any remarks with a torrent of abuse she was having things her own way until a great big genial faced man got in.

The woman immediately scented new game and said to him, "They ought to make men your size pay double fare."

The man looked the woman over and then said with a laugh "Nay, missus, they don't carry by weight, or else they wouldn't stop to pick such as you up."

Everybody laughed and silence reigned supreme.

* * * * *

An omnibus was wending its way through London, the conductor was inside collecting fares : glancing through the window he shouted "O'burn ! O'burn !" (Holborn).

A lady seated in the bus looked up and said : "Conductor, you've dropped your 'H.'"

"That's alright, missus, I shall pick it up when we get to Hoxford Street."

* * * * *

A young and inexperienced officer was in charge of Orderly Room when a private was brought in as a defaulter.

"What's the charge, Sergeant ?"

"Absent without leave, sir."

"Is that so, well let me see, I shall give you fourteen days' C.B."

"You can't do it, sir," said the sergeant in a side whisper.

"As you were! I shall give you seven days' C.B."

"You can't do it, sir," again whispered the sergeant, "you can only give him three days' pay."

"As you were," said the officer, "I find I can only give you three days' pay, so here's your money." Saying which, he gave him the money out of his pocket. "And if it ever occurs again you'll get nothing at all, so there. I really feel very cross about it."

* * * * *

A good professional coach had been engaged to coach the local amateurs in the village. His great difficulty was that the men would persist in waiting at the village pub for their cues, and were consequently slightly inebriated before the play ended.

On the night of the dress rehearsal the coach asked them to refrain from this habit. Some of the actors did not come on till the second act and so adjourned to the pub in their costumes, where their friends made much ado, at seeing them rigged out as Lords, Admirals, etc.

Soon the call came for 'Sir Francis Drake' and the actor concerned stumbled out. When the coach saw him he said :

"My word, man, you're drunk."

"You call thish drunk?" replied Drake, "jusht wait till you've sheen the Earl of Leicester."

During the Great War, when economy in food-stuffs was the cry, a well-meaning lady of rank lectured to the village wives on economy in cooking.

She had spoken very eloquently and lucidly on the many ways a fish's head could be cooked and make a nice meal.

The Vicar's wife after proposing a vote of thanks called on Mrs. Brown to second the vote.

Mrs. Brown stood up, arms under clean white apron, and said: "I am sure that none of us knew before that there were so many ways of cooking a fish's head and we feel thankful to the grand lady for telling us about it. But what I want to know is—who gets the other part of the fish?"

* * * * *

A temperance reformer was lecturing in the village hall. He spoke very eloquently on the benefits of teetotalism and went to great lengths to emphasize the effects of alcohol on man both mentally and physically.

"I will give you a demonstration of its destructive effects on life," he said taking an ordinary worm and dropping it in a glass of water.

"Look at the little fellow, how it revels in pure water." Now watch the difference when I place it in whiskey," saying which he took the worm from the water and dropped it in some whiskey. "What do we see? This little creature shrivels up and dies. This, my friends, is an object lesson to you, here you have ocular proof that alcohol will kill anything. Why let it do this with you?"

An old woman seated in the middle of the hall called out: "Is that special whiskey, mister, or is it the same as you buy anywhere?"

"It is just ordinary whiskey, madam," replied the lecturer.

"Well, I'm very pleased to hear you say that," said the old woman, "for my old man has been plagued with worms for years, and if whiskey will kill them, I must get him some as soon as possible."

* * * * *

Two business men were talking over tea in a city cafe. They were continually interrupted by unseemly talk from two loud-voiced women seated at an adjoining table.

Finally one of the men leaned over and said to the worst offender: "Madam, I should advise you to lower your voice, also to be a little more discreet in the choice of topics you discuss in a cafe."

"What's it got to do with you, nosey?" said the woman. "If you were my husband I'd buy you poison."

"I believe you would," replied the man, "and, may I inform you, if you were my wife, I'd be glad to take it."

* * * * *

An Irishman had been summoned as a juryman at the Assizes. He had never been in a court of law before and knew little or nothing of the procedure.

The case commenced and he paid strict attention to all the prosecuting counsel had to say about the prisoner.

When counsel had finished his address, the Irish-

man leaned back in his seat, with a satisfied smile on his face, as if to say he had made up his mind on the case.

Counsel for the defence then gave his address and the change on the juror's face was wonderful. He listened for some time, then jumping up, he said to the judge :

“My Lord, can't you stop this man, he's confusing all our thoughts.”

* * * * *

A very well read and intelligent man, who lived in the country, went to visit a friend in the city for a few days in October. The city man, although not a councillor, was very much wrapt up in public affairs and was busy with an election campaign for the forthcoming municipal elections.

He took his friend to a meeting to hear his party's candidate and then took him the following night to hear the opposition.

“Now what do you think about them !” he asked his friend, as they were leaving the second meeting.

“Well,” said his learned friend, “it's a jolly good job that only one of them can get in.”

* * * * *

A business man had been persuaded to buy a ticket for a performance of the “Messiah” by a local Choral Society, but finding he could not go, he gave the ticket to his gardener, telling him to go and he would no doubt enjoy a musical treat.

Next day he asked the gardener how he had

enjoyed the concert. To his surprise he was answered as follows :

“ Oh, I couldn’t understand it, and came away just before the fight. I got a bit excited you see.”

“ You came away before the fight, what on earth do you mean, tell me what happened ? ”

“ Well, I got in early and soon a lot of people came and the place became full. Then a lot of chaps with trumpets came and they all seemed to be trying to blow muck out of them and made awful noises. Then a chap came with the messiah in a big green bag and sat down, held it in front, rubbed it with a stick and made it groan. Then a lot of women came in and sat on one side of the platform, and a lot of men on the other side and more women at the back. They were all jabbering together when a feller with a little stick stood in the middle and as soon as they saw him they shut up. He started to wave his stick and the trumpets blew, the messiah groaned and all the men shouted as they were the kings of glory ; then the women shouted as **they** were the kings of glory, and by gum the women at the back fairly screamed as **they** were the kings of glory ; then they all shouted together. I could hardly keep sat down. Then the chap with the stick stopped them. He’d nobbut got ’em quiet when all the women shouted out that unto them a child was born and all the men shouted wonderful, and I jumped up and shouted marvellous, for some of ’em were old enough to be grandmothers, and I wore going to tell ’em they were liars, when a big fellah with brass buttons, came

and pushed me out of the door and I wasn't sorry for I'd had enough."

* * * * *

A Jew was watching his young son climb about the garden wall when he noticed that he was experiencing some difficulty in descending.

He went to the foot of the wall and said "Now, Ikey, jump and I will catch you." The young boy jumped but the father deliberately stepped aside, and let the little fellow fall on the ground.

He was not badly hurt, but very much shaken, and as he sat on the ground rubbing himself, his father said :

"Now Ikey, that is a lesson to you, never trust anyone, not even your own father."

* * * * *

Two Lancashire workmen had volunteered for active service early in the Great War, and their employer was so proud of them that he promised them a pound for every German they killed.

Eventually they reached the front and were out reconnoitering some distance in front of the lines when one of them who was ahead, looked over the top of a hill and came running back in great excitement.

"Jim," he said, "we're made up, there's two thousand Germans just over the hill, and there's nobody knows about 'em but us."

* * * * *

A dentist was trying to extract a tooth from a very nervous man and was fast losing his temper.

No sooner had he got a grip with the forceps than the man followed the direction of the pull with his head, making it impossible for the dentist to use the necessary force to dislodge the tooth.

Finally he went to his workroom and explained the case to his assistant. Taking out his scarf pin he gave it to the assistant saying, "When I get hold of the tooth, push this pin through the seat of his trousers, and I think we shall be successful."

Returning to the patient the dentist gripped the tooth with his forceps and gave the signal, whereupon the assistant pushed the pin hard into the required place, causing the man to jump backwards, and enabling the dentist to draw the tooth.

Holding it up he said, "There, I've got it. It's a big tooth too."

"I should think it is," said the patient as he rubbed his seat, "I felt the root right down here."

* * * * *

A farmer had died and left nineteen cows to his three sons. To the eldest George, he left one half; to the next, John, he left one fourth; and to the youngest, Henry, he left one fifth. The lawyer who had the estate in hand, openly confessed that he saw no way of dividing up the cows unless they were sold and turned into cash, but the will distinctly stated that the stock was not to be sold, therefore this method could not be adopted. Things seemed at a deadlock, when the boys asked a farmer uncle if he would find a way of solving the difficulty.

"I'm not much of a scholar," said the old farmer, "but I reckon I understand cows. Now for a

start we'll fetch a cow from my farm and make the number to twenty." This was done.

"Now," said the farmer, "there's twenty cows. George wants half, so he can have ten. That's a little more than you expected, isn't it, George?"

"It is," replied George, as he drove off his cows.

"Now, John," said the farmer, "there's ten cows left, and you want a fourth of twenty, that's five, so take your five cows, and that's more than you expected, isn't it, John?"

"Now, Henry," said the farmer, "there's five cows left, and you want a fifth of twenty, that's four, so take four cows, and that's more than you expected, isn't it, eh?"

"It is," replied Henry and he drove off his four cows.

"I'll take this cow that's left back to my farm again," said the farmer, "then we're all satisfied."

* * * * *

A very prosperous looking bookmaker was standing on his pitch at the races, shouting the odds about the next race. There were only three horses in the race: he offered 5 to 4 for one, 6 to 4 another and 10 to 1 another.

A Jew came up to him and said: "Can I have five pounds on the outsider?" "Yes you can have ten pounds if you like," said the bookie.

"Don't be so rash," said the Jew, "I might have twenty pounds on."

"Well, I'll take you," replied the bookie, and as he took the £20 he said, "that's two hundred

pounds to twenty. Now I'll tell you something, sir, the horse you've backed is mine, how do you feel now?"

"Oh, I feel alright," replied the Jew, "you see the other two horses are mine."

* * * * *

A man who had married for money was made to feel his position very keenly, by the overbearing manner of his wife, in the company of others. One evening at dinner in the presence of guests he was made to feel embarrassed, and he decided to retaliate. His chance soon came, for after one brilliant little bit of repartee on his part, his wife turned to him and said: "What would you have been I should like to know, had it not been for my money?" Whereupon he replied, to the discomfiture of his wife, and the delight of the rest, "A bachelor!"

* * * * *

The editor of a magazine returned a literary aspirant's MSS., and told him in the accompanying letter "that the matter submitted was of too classical a nature for his magazine, and that if he (the author) would submit it to the right people, no doubt it would become famous in the book world."

The budding author took the note too literally, and failed to note the satire it contained. He therefore called on the editor next morning and sent in his card with a little message that he only wished to ask a question. The office boy came back with the reply that the editor was much too busy to see him, but if he would send in the question on

the back of his card, he would endeavour to answer it. The budding author seized the opportunity and wrote on the back of his card: "Will the editor be good enough to tell me the name of the magazine which would get the the highest position in the shortest time?"

The card was taken to the editor, and returned in about one minute, and on it was written: "A powder magazine."

* * * * *

An old Scotchman who plied a ferry boat across one of the Lochs, had for his passenger one day a minister of the Church.

As they crossed, the minister asked the ferryman: "Do you know anything about theology?" "No," said the ferryman.

"That's a pity," said the minister, "you lose one quarter of your life by your ignorance of the subject." "Now I wonder if you know anything about ppsychology?" "No, I do not," replied the ferryman, as he struggled to keep the boat with its nose to the waves. "Ah, well," said the minister, "by your ignorance of the two subjects, you lose one half of your life."

Just then one of the oars broke, and the boat went broadside on to the waves and filled with water. The boatman took off his coat and boots and said, "Noo, meenister, do ye ken anything about swimology?" "No, I cannot swim," said the minister.

"Then," said the boatman, "throo er ignorance

o **that** subject, e look like loosin the whole o yer life."

* * * * *

On point duty at two very busy crossroads in the centre of a city stood a great big policeman, who by his brogue was a true son of Erin. He had just stopped a very handsome Rolls car and immediately after he had done so a Ford had been driven into the back of it. The policeman went up to the Ford driver, notebook in hand, and said: "Phwat's yer noime?" "Patrick Flanagan," replied the driver. "From Tipperary?" enquired the policeman. "Sure and that's thrue," replied the Ford driver.

"Ah sure now," said the policeman, "pull back now, and I'll charge the other fellow with backing into ye."

* * * * *

A missionary in Central America was exchanging views with one of the natives there, on the subject of strife.

"Do you know," said the missionary, "the one great drawback to your country is that you are for ever having revolutions. Why don't you put your differences to arbitration?"

"Ah," said the native, "you don't understand us; man must have excitement; you have your football matches and other forms of sport. We have revolutions and as for settling by arbitration, why, we can settle three revolutions while you settle one arbitration!"

At a Sunday School class a little boy was relating to the teacher aloud a dream which he had had the night before about Jacob's Ladder: "And I thought we had to climb the Ladder" said the boy, "and that we had to write all our sins with chalk, one on every step as we went up, and the angels were ascending and descending all the time."

"Now that's wonderful," said the teacher, "it is symbolical of rising above and treading down one's sins."

"And I thought I met you coming down, sir," said the boy.

"Now I wonder what I should be coming down for," asked the teacher. One little boy said: "Please teacher, to help up the other boys." Another bright boy said: "Perhaps you were coming down for more chalk."

"Now I wonder why the angels were walking up and down the ladder when they had wings and could fly?" asked the teacher.

"Please teacher," said the bright one, "perhaps they were moulting."

* * * * *

An elderly man and his wife had just moved into a house which had some spare ground attached to it, and on which the couple had decided to keep poultry. During their married life the man had been very mean and jealous with his wife, and in consequence, she had not been able to have other company than her husband. After much measuring

of ground, and reading of poultry notes, they decided that they could accommodate about seven head of poultry. When market day arrived, the day on which they had decided to go and purchase the poultry, the husband was far from well, and so the task of going to the market, was left to the wife. She set off, and later in the day she returned home with the fowls, which she put into the run which they had prepared for them. Very much to the surprise of the husband, there were six cocks and only one hen, and turning to his wife, he exclaimed: "Whativver has ta been doin? This is agean all rules and regulations of poultry keeping."

"I doant care a button about rules and regulations," said the wife. "I'm noan goin to have that poor hen same as I've been all my life."

* * * * *

A gentleman who had recently moved into the district, was having a drink in the local public house. He happened to mention the fact that he wished to purchase a new suit. "That's funny," said the landlord, "these three gentlemen sitting in the room with you are all tailors, and all live in this street."

"And I would inform you," said one of the gentlemen as he presented his card, "that I am the best tailor in this county."

"And I, said another of the gentlemen, "place myself second to no one in this town, in my profession."

“Well,” said the remaining tailor, “they don’t leave much of a ground for me to swank about, do they? You see, sir, I don’t know the county very well, and for that matter I don’t know the town, but the little I do know I’m sure of, and that is, that I’m the best tailor in this street.”

* * * * *

A man who had been suffering from “delirium tremens” and who was just recovering, was having a drink with a friend at a public bar. Without any warning, a great black dog, which belonged to the proprietor jumped over the bar counter and ran out of the door. “By jove,” said the man who was recovering, “what was that?”

“Why, it was a big dog,” replied his friend, “wasn’t it?”

“I hope it was, anyway,” replied the first man, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

* * * * *

A young boy was very fond of bathing in the open air, much against his mother’s wish. Eventually he developed a severe sore throat and consequently his mother took him to the doctor, who diagnosed the complaint and suggested a remedy.

The mother seemed very perturbed by what the doctor had said, and when the boy’s father came home in the evening, she said to him:

“Now, what did I tell you? I knew what would come of Bill’s bathing so much, the doctor tells me he’s gotten a ’addock in his passage.” “By gum,

that's a job," said the father, and he went straight away to see the doctor, to whom he said :

"Do you think he's gotten a 'addock in his passage wi' bathing?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked the doctor, "what I suggested was that he should have his tonsils cut, as the soreness of his throat was caused by having an inadequate passage."

* * * * *

At a preparatory school, a teacher asked the boys to write an essay on the "pleasures of a child's life, compared with the pleasures of an adult!"

One little boy wrote:—

"My life as a child has a lot of pleasure in it, but nothing to compare with the pleasure of adultery."

* * * * *

A very wealthy young lady who, on account of her bank balance had been very much sought after by the bachelors of the district, was being married to a young man who had no means whatever.

The bride and bridegroom were kneeling at the altar steps in the presence of a large congregation, when the bridegroom repeated the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

An unsuccessful rival remarked with a sneer, quite audibly, "There goes his carpet bag."

* * * * *

The husband was in a very bad humour, because his wife, who was usually most untidy and dressed very slovenly, was complaining about almost everything she could find to grumble at. After

listening for some time, he said "I don't know whatever I was doing to marry a woman like you." His wife had long since ceased to worry about his insulting remarks, said to him, "In spite of all you say, you told me the other night, when you came home drunk, that you had just seen a man who would give five pounds to look at me, and it is understood that drunken men often speak the truth."

"Oh, yes, that's quite true," said the husband, "It was a man whom I saw at the corner of the street crying 'Pity the Blind.'"

* * * * *

A Sunday School teacher in the West Riding was telling her class of young boys all about Noah and his Ark in the flood. She explained all about its construction and about there being two of every living creature within its walls.

"Now," said she, "as the Ark was on the waters for forty days can any of you tell me what Noah would be doing all that time?"

One little boy suggested "Praying," another said "sleeping," and another mentioned "fishing," when one very bright lad jumped up and said: "Ger aght! ha cud he be fishin' for forty days when he'd nobbut gotten two worms."

* * * * *

During the War some English soldiers seated in an old dugout behind the trenches, were discussing the possibilities of a steel lined safety waistcoat, which had been sent to one of them, from home.

After some scathing remarks had been passed about it, one Tommy said, "you can all skit about it as much as you like, I only wish I had one, even if it was a tin one."

"Well, said one of the others, "if that's all you want, I will ask the tailor to fix a piece of tin over your heart, if you will leave your clothes with me overnight."

"Righto, get it done," said the other.

After the Tommy had retired that night, the other soldiers got a bully beef tin, flattened it out, and after perforating the edges to take stitches, managed to fasten it to the seat of the Tommy's trousers.

Next morning they had to leave in a hurry and go into action, and although the poor Tommy noticed the tin lining to his trousers, he had no time to take it ont.

They had been over the top and were just crawling back when a piece of shell hit Tommy smack on his improvised armour plate, and knocked him right into the trench. "By gum," said Tommy, as he felt the dint in the tin," but you fellows knew where my heart was."

* * * * *

A man came home from the village pub one evening rather earlier than usual and said to his wife, "I don't think I'll go so much to the 'King's Head' in future, I can't stand that insurance fellow, Brown. He's always there, and he's been swanking to-night about his woman-charming abilities. He

said that he'd kissed and squeezed every woman in this street but one."

"Has he really?" said the wife, "I wonder who the one is?"

* * * * *

An Irishman, a Scotchman and a Jew had been very intimate friends for a long time. One day they made a very solemn compact; they agreed that should one die, the others would each deposit in the coffin the sum of fifty pounds to be buried with the deceased, in order that the death should be a blow to their finances as well as their friendship, causing real regret.

The Irishman died first and the Jew forthwith deposited his fifty pounds in the coffin, unknown to anyone but his friend the Scotchman. A little later in the day, the Scotchman deposited a cheque for one hundred pounds in the coffin, and took out the fifty pounds in notes, as change.

* * * * *

Some young men were in a public bar, and the topic of conversation was "morals." Various opinions and comments were passed on the subject, when an elderly man said: "Young men, I have heard all you have said, and I can tell you it is all bunkum. I'm willing to bet any of you a silk hat that he's kissed and squeezed some other woman besides his wife, since he's been married."

"It's bet, sir, I'll take you on," said one of the men, "you see I was married only this morning at nine o'clock."

"Well, I agree in this case I've lost," said the older man, and he handed over a pound note to buy the silk hat.

One of the young men thought it all an excellent joke and he told it all to his wife, who said, "Oh yes, it was very funny, but tell me, John, why didn't you try for the bet?"

The question almost took the husband's breath away, but he recovered somewhat as he said, lamely, "Well, you know dear, I should look such a fool in a silk hat, shouldn't I?"

* * * * *

At a country hotel, it was the custom to place on the table in the public room every morning about 11 o'clock, a lump of cheese and a quantity of biscuits for the free use of the usual regular customers whom the landlord knew. One morning a man ordered a glass of beer, and seeing the cheese and biscuits, he immediately began to attack them in a very greedy manner.

The landlord, very much annoyed at the greediness, said to him by way of remonstrance, "Do you know I gave two and four a pound for that cheese?"

"I can quite believe it," said the man, as he helped himself to another portion, "and it's worth it, too."

* * * * *

An old farmer had died and left two sons. Before he died, he told them that they must share everything between them.

This they tried to do, but could not agree as to the equality of the portions, as each wished to apportion them. They called in an old acquaintance, who was a very shrewd man, and asked him to help them out of their difficulty. When the matter was fully explained to him, he said, "I see, you want to share out the lot, so that neither of you can be dissatisfied with the other? Well that's easy. George," he said, addressing the eldest son, "you divide the whole lot into what you consider to be two equal parts."

George did as he was requested.

"Now John," said the old man, to the other son, "You take first pick." John did so.

"Well lads," said the old man, "I think it will be difficult for either of you to find just cause for complaint."

* * * * *

A man was being shaved in a barber's shop in the country by a man who was either a beginner or else a very careless fellow.

The barber cut and gashed the customer all over his neck and chin. When the man got up from his chair and looked at himself in the mirror, he said to the barber, "Give me a glass of water please, quickly."

"Certainly, sir," said the barber, "are you feeling faint?"

"Oh no," replied the man, as he wiped some blood from his face. "I only want to see if my mouth will hold water."

A man was just leaving the Divorce Court, where he had successfully carried through a petition for divorce against his wife, who in addition to being unfaithful, had also been a bit of a tyrant.

He was feeling pleased with himself, when a friend tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Hello, John! congratulations old fellow, on regaining your freedom. By the way, allow me to present my wife to you!"

"No thank you," said John, "if you want to be rid of her, do as I've done. I'm a bachelor from now on."

* * * * *

A mistress was showing the new maid over the house, and giving instructions about the various duties. Picking up a very elaborate vase, the mistress said: "Now you must dust this vase very carefully, it is a treasure and has been handed down by generation after generation in our family; I hope you will handle it carefully, it is a great responsibility for you." Next morning the maid came into the morning room and, addressing her mistress, said, "Please, mum, you know the vase that has been in the family for many generations?"

"Yes, I do," said the mistress.

"Well, mum," said the girl, "this generation has dropped it."

* * * * *

A Lancashire millhand, through always saying the wrong thing, had got a name for being tactless. One day he met the wife of a mate who was ill in bed.

"How's Jack this morning?" he said.

"Oh, he's very ill and in low spirits, I wish you would call and see him and cheer him up a bit."

Next day the man called on Jack and on entering the sick room, said, "By gum, Jack, but tha' does look bad, tha looks just like yond fellar did the day before he died, tha knows who I mean, him at were buried last Easter, they bought him a nice china wreath at mill, we all gave a tanner apiece, doest' a remember?"

He stayed a bit, but as the invalid showed no desire to talk he said, "Well, I'll be going now, so good night; if tha'rt alive on Sunday, I'll come an see thi again, an I'm glad I called to cheer thi up a bit."

As he was going down the stairs, which had a nasty turn in them, he slipped, and, as he saved himself from falling, he called back to his friend, "I say, Jack, this is a rotten staircase to get a coffin down!"

* * * * *

Weddings in Scotland usually take place in the bride's home. After a wedding in Aberdeen the bride's father went out to address a small crowd of well-wishers, who were waiting, armed with rice to give the newly married couple a good send off. Looking over the crowd he said, "I'm verra much obliged to ye for yer good wishes to my daughter on her wedding, and I would like ye all to go round by the back door to see them off, as they are going oot that way so that the hens can gather up the rice, do ye ken?"

A Scotchman who lived near Glasgow, and who owned a small car, had to go to London on business and decided to go in his car. His friends knew he had done this to save railway fare, so they said: "If you want to have good luck on the journey you should throw a silver coin over every bridge you cross, this always brings good luck."

On his return they asked him how he had fared.

"Alright," he said, "I threw a silver coin over every bridge, as you told me to do. By jove there are some too! I had no trouble with punctures or anything until I got to London Bridge, and then the string got fast in the bridge and I lost the threepenny bit."

* * * * *

A Jew invited a Scotchman to have a meal with him, so they went to a restaurant and ordered "chicken for two." They were sitting at a small table facing each other and when the waiter brought the dish the Jew noticed that the larger portion was in front of the Scotchman. He therefore said to him: "Tell me, Mac, do you know what a philosopher is?"

"No," said Mac. "Well," said the Jew, a philosopher is a man who turns everything round," saying which he deftly turned the dish round.

"But," said Mac, "ye're no a philosopher are ye?"

"Oh, no," said the Jew.

"Then," said Mac, "I'll have my ain piece of chicken," and turned the dish round again.

A man who lived in the country was setting out for a day's shooting when he met a friend, who said :

"You are a lucky man, I wish I could have a bit of shooting."

"That's easily arranged, I'll lend you a gun, so come along with me now."

"But I haven't got a license."

"Never mind that, nobody will bother us."

His friend agreed and they went off together. They had not been out long when they saw a policeman approaching in a very officious manner.

"Now," said the resident, "don't move till I have drawn him away, then you go to my house."

After giving his friend these instructions the resident looked towards the policeman and then started to run in the opposite direction. The policeman immediately gave chase and after running nearly a mile caught him and said :

"Now, my man, where's your licence ?"

"It's here," said the resident, producing it from his pocket. After examining it and finding it in order the policeman said : "Why did you run away when you had a licence ?"

"Oh," said the man, "I told my friend I'd make you run and I succeeded, didn't I ?"

* * * * *

A journeyman motor mechanic called at a garage for a job. He spoke to the manager about his varied experiences in the trade and said : "I've handled so many cars that if I was to be blind-folded, and you started an engine, I could tell you what make it was."

"That sounds very clever," said the manager, "we'll just try it."

The man was blindfolded and an engine was started.

"Daimler," at once said the mechanic. Another was then started. "Austin," said the mechanic.

"Very good, both correct," said the manager.

Just then the cistern was flushed, and hearing the noise the mechanic immediately said "Ford."

* * * * *

A man seated next to the driver of a four-in-hand was very much amused at the names the driver had for each horse, which were "Presbyterian," "Episcopalian," "Wesleyan," "Baptist."

He asked the driver why he called his horses by such names and the driver said :

"Well, sir, the off leader is "Presbyterian" because he works when he likes, but seldom likes. The near leader is "Episcopalian" because he thinks there is nobody doing anything but him. The off wheeler is "Wesleyan," he's a good goer, but a bad style. The near wheeler is "Baptist" because when he sees any water he takes the whole team with him to "drink."

* * * * *

A city gentleman, staying for a few days in the country, one morning went for a walk across the fields. He had not gone far when, in the next field, he saw the postman loaded with letters, parcels, etc., running for his life from a bull, which was racing after him, with head lowered to toss him.

The postman just managed to scramble over the stile and fell sprawling with all his parcels, etc., scattered over the ground ; whilst the bull was on the other side of the fence, tearing up the turf with his hoofs and snorting with baffled rage.

"My word, postman," said the gentleman, "that was a very near shave. Has it ever occurred before?"

The postman looked up, as he gathered his parcels, etc., together and said : "Every morning, sir."

* * * * *

An Irishman was letting himself in late one night. Having opened the door, he went inside, took off his overcoat, and hung it behind the door. Groping his way in the dark, he went into the living room and felt on the mantelshelf for a match.

Not being able to find one, he turned round, and started to make his way back, to get a match from his overcoat. He stretched his arms out in front of him to protect his face, in case he should bump into anything.

He arrived at the door leading into the porch, which he had left half open, and unknowingly had one arm on each side of the door and was brought to a sudden stop by a nasty bump on the nose from the edge of the door.

"Arrah," said he, "bad cess to it, it's the first time I knew that my nose was longa than me arms."

* * * * *

A man from suburbia, who very rarely went to the city, was persuaded by his wife one day to

accompany her on a shopping expedition. She went to a large store and he agreed to wait outside one of the many entrances until she had made her purchases.

Time dragged slowly and he walked up and down. As his wife was still absent after some considerable time, he thought he must have stopped outside the wrong entrance, so, mustering up his courage, he went inside.

A fussy shopwalker in immaculate attire, approached with a smirk and said, "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I have lost my wife," said the bewildered hubby.

"Mourning Department, second floor, sir!"

* * * * *

A fussy old maid was taking the waters at Harrogate. One morning she met her local doctor. "Good morning, doctor," she said with a look of surprise, "I had no idea you were in Harrogate. I suppose you are going to take the waters? Do you know I've had five glasses this morning!"

"Have you really," said her doctor, "well, good-bye, I won't detain you."

* * * * *

Two Irishmen were fighting in a Dublin street and a passer-by of a peaceful turn of mind, went and stopped the fight, saying to them, "Whatever is the cause of this unseemly behaviour?"

"We're just settling an argument," said one of them.

"But that's not the way to settle arguments. If you can't agree, you should appoint arbitrators to settle the matter for you." After much explaining the combatants selected three people each from the crowd, and after shaking hands with the peaceful one, went arm in arm to a pub, leaving the arbitrators to come a settlement.

About two hours later, the peaceful one had occasion to pass that way again, and there was a regular hullabaloo going on, and a cordon of police were closing in on a group of men who were fighting like Kilkenny cats.

"What's the matter now?" said the peaceful one, "are they at it again?"

"Oh no, sir," said an onlooker who recognised him, "the two you stopped are still in the pub. These are the arbitrators."

* * * * *

A very stout woman, living in Yorkshire, found shopping very awkward owing to her size. As she sat inside a shopping emporium, out of breath from the exertion walking caused, a shopwalker came up and asked "What can we show you, madam?"

"I want to see some calico."

"Certainly, madam, walk this way please," saying which the shopwalker strode briskly off.

"Nay, lad," replied the woman, "I couldn't walk that way if tha'd ta gie me all t'shop, let alone to see a bit o' calico."

A very absent-minded professor attended a masonic installation and stayed to the banquet which followed.

Taking, perhaps, a little more wine than was good for him, it was not surprising that he should wake next morning with a "head," and this, added to his absentmindedness, was no doubt responsible for the following note to the secretary of the lodge :

" Dear Brother Secretary,

I occupied seat No. 4 last night. I left my glasses on the table, and as I am greatly inconvenienced by being without them, I should esteem it a favour if you will please forward them to my address per next post.

Yours fraternally,

P.S.—I find that I have inadvertently put them in my overcoat pocket, so that you need not trouble to look for them."

* * * * *

Two men went into a first-class hotel dining room and after perusing the menu, one of them, who seemed familiar with the place, ordered a dinner for both with the cool judgment of an epicure. It was evident to the waiter that his client was a man who knew what he wanted and didn't mind the price.

When they were sitting over their cigars and liqueurs the man who had ordered the dinner asked for the bill, and after perusing it, asked for the manager.

Looking at the manager, the diner said :

"Yes, it's the same man. Now sir, do you remember about a year ago, a man coming in and having a good dinner which he couldn't pay for and you had him chucked out; and the man told you that you hadn't heard the last of him?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the manager, recognising in the diner the man he had thrown out a year ago, "but anyone is liable to make a mistake, and I hope you will accept my sincere apology for the regrettable incident."

"Oh, don't apologise," said the diner, "I merely wanted to say that it is the same man, that's all, and I can't pay again, so you'll have to take it out of me for two this time, so where's the man who does the chucking out, as we are in a hurry."

* * * * *

A man, who had been divorced and had married again, was speaking to some friends one day and his first wife's name being mentioned, they were somewhat surprised to hear the man speak of her in terms of endearment.

One of his friends, who seemed very perplexed at his attitude, said to him: "Look here, old chap, one would think, to hear you talk, that you were sorry you lost your first wife—what was the reason for the rupture?"

"Oh, she was a jolly good sport alright," he said, "but you see, I used to go home rather late and start throwing things about—and—well—to cut a long story short—she was a better thrower than me."

A man who lived in a men's lodging house, had died in his bed. He earned the unenvious reputation, during his residence there, of being a most plausible and efficient liar.

The proprietor had sent for the undertaker to deal with the corpse, and on his arrival, he was sent up to room 2, 3rd floor, where the corpse lay.

The undertaker went upstairs, but by mistake went to room 3, 2nd floor, where a man was asleep in bed. The undertaker was about to straighten out the limbs, when the man woke up and said with surprise : " Here, now, what's the game ?"

" Oh ! " said the undertaker, quite startled. " I was told you were dead."

" Not I. I'm not dead, nor anything like it," said the man, whereupon he turned over and went to sleep again.

The proprietor could hear the undertaker talking to someone and called out to see what was the matter.

" This man says he's not dead," said the undertaker.

" Oh, does he," said the proprietor, " well, I've got the certificate here, so get along with your job, and never mind what he says, he's the biggest liar that ever lived ! "

THE END

